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Comments

November 13, 1907

It will be quite a brisk week. Wednesday, the Kaiser will drive to the Guildhall and make a speech Thursday, the planet Mercury will be seen in transit across the sun. There is a certain likeness between the Kaiser and the planet Mercury. One never quite knows what either of them will do.

* * *

On Friday and Saturday there is to be much shooting at Sandringham. By the way, the rumour that, in order to keep his eye in at Diabolo while shooting, King Alfonso is in the habit of catching falling pheasants on the barrel of his gun, is exaggerated.

* * *

Though Americans have never realised the truth of our proverb, "More haste, less speed," the defeated party in the recent Elections had, at any rate, a plausible version of it—"More Hearst, less (s)Teddy."

* * *

It is a pity that Admiral Evans, who commands the Pacific-bound American Squadron, should have said—in reference to a possible war with Japan—"When you know that you've got eighty million folks at the back of you who'd like to see you do something, I can tell you it's a little bit hard not to do it." Even, however, if there are eighty million folks who would like him to do it, it is obviously hard for an American Admiral to hold his tongue.

* * *

Most golfers find some difficulty in displaying their real form with the driver or the cleek on the greens where fashion ordains the use of the putter. Not so the King of Spain. "His Majesty," says the *Daily Graphic*, in describing a game the sporting young monarch played at Ranelagh, "exhibited all-round form on the greens."

* * *

London critics were somewhat sceptical of the announcement made last week that an authoress had retired to a desert island in the South Seas, their contention being that only a very few men writers had shown themselves capable of the solitude and want of notoriety that must inevitably ensue from such an action. This very mannish attitude was, we are pleased to see, put to shame by a later cable, which set the matter beyond doubt. Not only had the authoress retired, as stated, to a desert island, but she had also been interviewed there.

* * *

German scientists are still greatly impressed by Professor Koch's discovery that the *glossina palpalis* (not, by the way, to be translated "a palpable gloss"), which conveys the germs of sleeping sickness, is to be found in the crocodile. His remedy for the disease, however, is not considered so far-reaching as could be desired. Even sufferers from it maintain that they would as soon go on sleeping a little longer as try to inject arsenic subcutaneously into a crocodile.

* * *

A Folkestone vicar has informed his congregation that he has 3,024 pages of his old sermons, which, if laid one against another, would occupy a space of nearly a third of a mile in length. It is considered doubtful, however, if this method of papering the roads would greatly commend itself to the local authorities.

* * *

Making Sure

HICKORY PETE (*suddenly pinning opponent's hand to the table*): "Look 'ee here, stranger; if you *ain't* hid an ace under that hand, I'll beg yer pardon!" (BY H. M. BATEMAN)

Limerick—To the New Singer

The critics maintain who have seen 'ee
That Stars fade and the lark sounds a tweeny,
When thou ('tisn't blarney),
More sweet than Albani,
Tintinnabulatest, Tetrazzini.

* * *

"A bolt from the blue," was how the papers describe the raising of the Bank rate last week. Perhaps in view of its effects in America, it might have been called "a bolt to the blues."

* * *

The new "Army-pattern" overcoats, which are being served out to the City police, are, we understand, greatly approved by the force. Though they have never complained of it, constables have often, in the presence of cooks and other ladies, felt themselves at a disadvantage compared with soldiers, owing to their less military attire. The removal of this handicap is naturally appreciated.

Wig and

The Government and the Magistrates

The recent agitation for the appointment of more Liberal magistrates will be regarded as a disquieting sign of the times by all those who recognise the supreme importance of the impartial administration of justice in all the courts of the country. Its promoters assert that the cause of the great preponderance of Conservatives upon the present bench is that that dignity is usually conferred as a reward for political services, and they call upon the present Government to redress the balance by promoting a large number of their faithful supporters. It is very much to be regretted that the Prime Minister (assuming him to have been correctly reported) should have given some countenance to this idea, for it is demonstrably false. Until quite recently the appointment of magistrates in each county was in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant alone. Now there are and always have been plenty of Liberal Lords-Lieutenant, like Lord Spencer in Northamptonshire, Lord Ripon in the North Riding, and the late Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, and if the theory were true, one would expect to find a preponderance of Conservatives in some counties and of Liberals in others. Yet, in fact, the relative proportion is substantially the same all over the country. The true cause must, therefore, be sought elsewhere.

Judicial Independence

The real reason is that Lords-Lieutenant of both political parties have recognised the fact that, in order

his own income. For this end, judges and stipendiary magistrates are paid liberal salaries, which are very much greater than those of similar officials on the Continent; but in the case of the "great unpaid" the same result can only be attained by the appointment of persons of considerable private means, and these, for fairly obvious reasons, are for the most part Conservatives.

The Chancellor's Dilemma

The present Lord Chancellor has consistently refused to appoint for political reasons only, and has spent a great part of his time, since his elevation to the Woolsack, in carefully investigating each claim, with the result that he has found that there are not nearly enough properly qualified Liberals in the country to make the balance even. He has, therefore, been compelled to choose between the alternatives of lowering the *status* of the country magistrates and disappointing his own Party. The appointment of trained lawyers as stipendiary magistrates, which appears to be the only possible alternative, is open to the very serious objection that such men are almost always townsmen, who know little or nothing of the language, manners, or customs of the country people. And besides, the taxpayer could hardly be expected to welcome the expense of paying them.

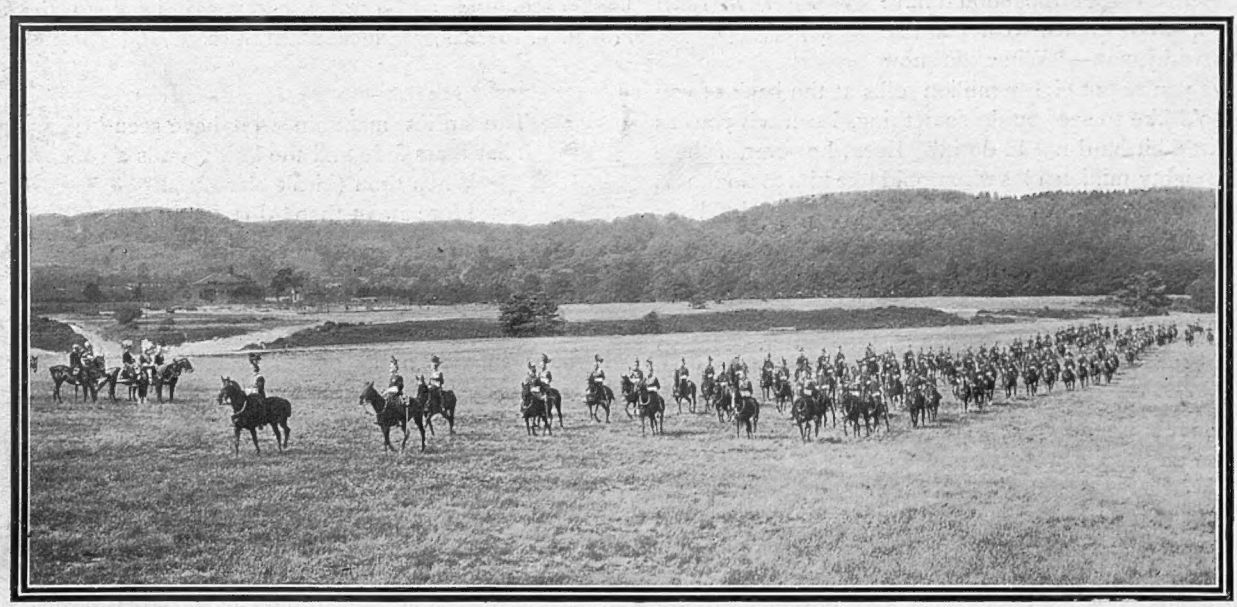

Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Mystery of the 5th Lancers: The regiment marching past at a recent review

Keen speculation was aroused last week by the report that this regiment had been officially declared unfit for service, and three of its officers placed on half pay. The regiment is at present at York, where Colonel Graham has taken over the command

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This Week's Royal Wedding

WOOD NORTON, THE DUKE OF ORLEANS'S SEAT, WHERE THE CEREMONY TAKES PLACE

The Exterior of Wood Norton, the Duke of Orleans's Worcestershire Seat

Wood Norton was originally the property of the Duc d'Aumale, the present owner's uncle, who for many years used it as a shooting-lodge

The Duke of Orleans

The bride's brother. As the head of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, he is Pretender to the French throne

Photos *Whitlock*

The Salon and a Corner of the Billiard-Room at Wood Norton

Scenes of almost unexampled splendour will characterise the wedding of Princess Louise of France and Prince Charles of Bourbon, which is to take place at Wood Norton, the seat of the bride's brother, on November 16. The guests number several hundred, and forty Royal personages will be present at the wedding ceremony. Three hundred workmen are busily engaged in the construction of a specially built chapel on one of the lawns, which is connected with the main building by a long cloister. On the other side of the house has been erected a magnificent dining-hall, where the wedding breakfast and several other banquets included in the course of the festivities will take place. It is said that these preparations are costing well over £20,000, while the catering for the guests during their four days' stay will amount to £10,000

Salmon Fisherwomen on the Tweed

Lord Avebury

Banker, politician, philosopher, philanthropist, anti-Socialist, naturalist, antiquarian, author, staunch defender of the Constitution, and now Lord Rector of St. Andrews—these are only a few of the claims to fame put forward by that wonderful and versatile old man, Lord Avebury. I last met his distinguished lordship at the wedding of his daughter, Ursula, with Captain Adrian Grant-Duff, of the Black Watch. Well over seventy, he is yet as spry as ever he was, and he seemed exceedingly proud of the fact that, between himself and the little Maurice Lubbock, his youngest son, who carried his sister's train, there yawned a gulf of over sixty years. I don't think I ever before met *en masse* so large a muster of one family. Lord Avebury's six sons and seven brothers, most of whom are married and have large families, were all present, and so were their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and it was really almost bewildering. Lord Avebury is exceedingly wealthy. He owns the splendid mansion in St. James's Square which was once the town house of the Marquises of Bristol. The recital of his doughty deeds occupies a whole column in *Who's Who*. He was in Parliament for twenty years, and he was created a Baron in 1900. He is certainly one of the wonders of the century and a living denial of the assertion that there is anything effete in our civilisation. Some of his many books ran into hundreds of thousands of editions. His "Uses of Life" and "Pleasures of Life" are, perhaps, the best known, but he has written dozens of technical volumes on botany, insects, scenery, coins, Free Trade, Man, and other subjects. Lady Avebury, a second wife, was a Miss Alice Fox-Pitt-Rivers, sister of Lady Grove. She lives mostly at Kingsgate Castle, her favourite residence near Ramsgate.

Photo *Martin Jacolette*

Lady Evelyn Ward

Who, with her husband, Mr. Gerald Ward, has been landing large salmon on the Tweed at Floors, one of which weighed 22 lb.

* * *

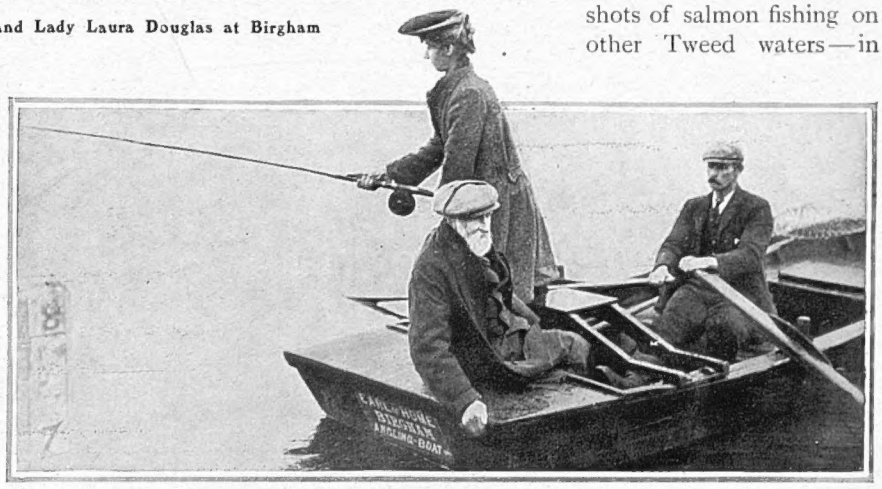
A Lady Angler

Up at Floors, during the last week or two, the Duke of Roxburghe and his guests have been enjoying splendid sport on the Tweed. As Izaak Walton was wont to declare:

> We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but, doubtless, God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

Mr. Gerald Ward, Lord Dudley's brother, was one of the party. He killed thirteen salmon in two days on the Floors upper water, the heaviest of which weighed 31 lb., while Lady Evelyn, his wife, killed a goodly number on her own, and landed one fish weighing 22 lb. Lady Evelyn, who married eight years ago into the family celebrated for its good looks, good hearts, and good manners, is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erne, whose younger daughter is Lady Hugh Grosvenor. Three of Lord Dudley's brothers and all the four sons of Lord Erne are in the Army, and every one of them saw service in South Africa. I am publishing, also, two snapshots of salmon fishing on other Tweed waters—in

Captain Douglas and Lady Laura Douglas at Birgham



Miss Baird fishing on Earl Home's Private Water at Birgham

SALMON FISHING ON THE TWEED

Socialism's Arch-Enemy

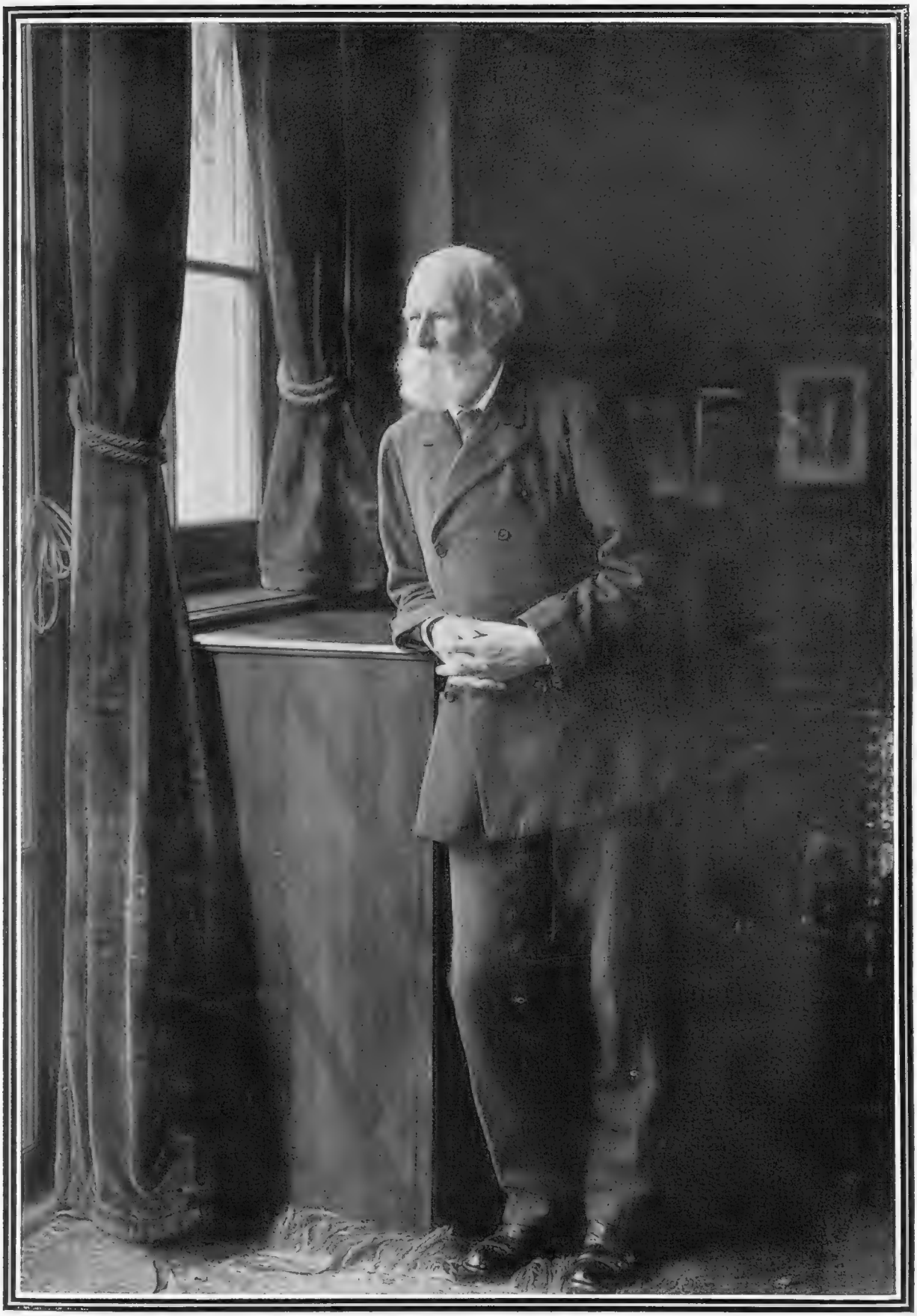


Photo *Haines*

Lord Avebury—sometime known as "St. Lubbock"—the New Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University

Lord Avebury, who has just been elected to the post of Lord Rector of St. Andrews without opposition, Mr. Andrew Carnegie having withdrawn from the candidature, is one of the strongest champions of Individualism in general (including that phase of it known as "Free Trade") of to-day. It is open to question for which he will be better known to posterity —for his bees or his Bank Holidays

Hymen's Knots—Royal and Otherwise

Photos *Thomson*

Captain J. E. Trelawny
Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. To marry Miss W. E. Dorrington on November 28

Miss Winifred Dorrington
Youngest daughter of Mr. W. E. Dorrington, of 82, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park. To marry Captain Trelawny

which Captain and Lady Laura Douglas and Miss Baird are shown fishing on Earl Home's preserves at Birgham, near Coldstream.

* * *

The Bourbon Wedding

The chief matrimonial event of the week is, of course, the function at Wood Norton, the English seat of the Duke of Orleans, where, on Saturday, the marriage of Princess Louise of Orleans and Prince Charles of Bourbon will take place. The King and Queen of Spain are to be present, as well as the Queen of Portugal and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the great family gathering will include the bride's mother, the Comtesse de Paris, and her two other sisters, the Duchess d'Aosta and the Duchess of Guise. A more charming quartet of Royal sisters one might search the world to find. The bride-elect is tall and slim and stately looking, not so beautiful as the haughty Duchess d'Aosta, but gentler and less proudly cold. Marie Amelie, Queen of Portugal, is tallest of all, exceedingly handsome, and the possessor of the most delightful manners; and Isabelle, Duchess of Guise, is as merry and lively as the proverbial cricket. It was almost arranged, it may be remembered, that Princess Louise should be Queen of Spain. Alfonso had known her all his life, and the two are great friends. But the golden head of Princess Ena came between, and the French Princess is still to go to Spain, though not as Queen.

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans

For the time, naturally, the question of divorce between the Duke of Orleans and his Austrian Duchess is laid aside. No headway can be made. The Pope refuses to consider the Prince's petition for annulment, and the Emperor of Austria is so incensed at the Duke's desire for divorce from a relation of his—the Duchess is a daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria—that he has forbidden him the Hofburg. The Duchess is handsome, very artistic, and cultured, *chic* as only an Austrian can be, and high-spirited. She has no children, but she owns jewels which far exceed in beauty and value those possessed by many a Queen. The Duke, her husband, as the head of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, is Pretender to the French throne. England sheltered him and his when all France was closed to them. It will be remembered how he showed his gratitude, by congratulating the notorious French cartoonist on a certain vile caricature of Queen Victoria. The King, then Prince of Wales, demanded an explanation. The Duke denied the whole affair, thinking that, even in France, they would not dare question his word. But Willette published a fac-simile of the Duke's letter, and then, with a vengeance, the fat was in the fire. The Duke's name was taken off all the London clubs to which he belonged, he was cut by all his English friends, and he left England and remained on his favourite estate near Palermo, in Sicily, for some years. He is now pardoned—King Edward finds it very difficult to bear malice—and has been received at Court. At Wood Norton, by the way, the *de jure* King of France keeps up Royal state. His Court has its own circular and rules of etiquette, and some of the oldest nobility of France are proud to hold appointments there. The Duchess never stirs without a lady-in-waiting, nor the Duke without an equerry.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Caryl Baring
To marry Miss Ivy Firman

* * *

A Baring Engagement

Pretty Miss Ivy Firman, the subject of our frontispiece, will add the

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.

Captain Stanley Clarke
Of the Scots Guards, the son of Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke. To marry Miss Baird on Dec. 5

Photo *K. Collings*

Miss Evelyn Baird
Eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Baird, of Uric, Aberdeenshire. To marry Captain Clarke

An Ideal Lord Mayor's Show

Photo] **THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH PASSING DOWN LUDGATE HILL** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

For once, the ninth of November was favoured with weather of radiant brilliance. As the Show was also of radiant brilliance, thanks to the genius of Mr. Louis Parker, the Pageant King, everybody was delighted. This year we *shall* "please to remember the ninth of November"

The Strike that Wasn't

touch of beauty and distinction to the noble house of Ashburton, when she marries the Hon. Caryl Baring, the brother of the present Earl. Miss Firman has been out a good deal under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hall Walker; and at Cowes, this year, she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring at Nubia Lodge. Lord Ashburton himself, by the way, has a daughter just ready to come out. His only son is nine years old. Lord Ashburton has always been supposed to be a rich man; surprise, therefore, has been manifested that he has sold all his pictures, his library, and his yacht *Sunrise*.

The Great Railway Crisis

Mr. J. R. Bell, of Durham, Chairman of the Amalgamated Society, leaving his Committee Rooms to go to the Board of Trade. (There was no strike)

The Birthday Honours

Curiously uninteresting was the list of Birthday Honours published on Saturday. The fear of Mr. H. C. Lea has evidently been in the Premier's heart, for there are positively *no* new peers. Whether, however, Mr. Lea is satisfied with the baronetcies and knighthoods is yet to be known. They seem to have been awarded almost exclusively for party services—though I suppose Sir Charles Santley and Sir John Hare must be excepted, unless, of course, the latter's title is a reward for the great *exposé* of the morals of the Upper House which he made as the "Gay Lord Quex."

Peer and Stage Again

Miss Billie Burke is, I hear, the latest theatrical light to be selected by a noble suitor. The nobleman himself has not yet come into entire control of his fortune. His estates are in the hands of his trustees, and will be so until he attains the age of twenty-five, which will be in about two and a half years' time. He is already, however, a very wealthy young man, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the most eligible bachelor peers in the Kingdom. He was for a time in the Cavalry, but of late has had nothing to do—so Cupid has found work.

London's Dreary Pageant

Elsewhere I have referred briefly to the settlement of the railway crisis, which caused such universal satisfaction. Mr. Lloyd-George made his first public reappearance at the Guildhall banquet on Saturday, where, needless to say, he was the hero of the evening. Lord Mayor's Day this year was the occasion of the Metropolis experiencing a slight attack of Pageantitis, an epidemic which has been raging in many parts of the country during the past season. The Show, inoculated by Mr. Louis N. Parker, developed the usual symptoms of the disease in the shape of a procession within a procession, representing the seven Edwardian Kings of England. Doubtless this representation is an improvement on the hideous and garish symbolical cars which, in former years, have been dragged through the streets, but the chief question that arises in the hearts of most Londoners is: Why continue this dismal annual parade of the Metropolis at all? It amuses nobody, it disorganises the whole of the commercial life of the City for a day, and such outdoor ceremonies are not suitable in the midst of London in foggy November. If the Show must be held at all—and perhaps it is a pity to give up one of our old customs—why not return to its original form and make it a river pageant, meanwhile changing the date to midsummer? The King has changed his official birthday from November 9 to May 24. Why should not the Lord Mayor's Show do likewise?

The Great Railway Crisis

Three of the Directors. Lord Stalbridge (L. & N.W.R.), Lord Allerton (G.N.R.), and Sir E. Paget (M.R.), on their way to the Board of Trade. (There was no strike)

Racing at Liverpool

Some of Lord Derby's House-Party

Left to right: Lady de Trafford, Mrs Featherstonhaugh, the Earl and Countess of Essex

The Earl of Derby and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild

Lord Derby entertained a large party at Knowsley for the Meeting

The Finish of the Knowsley Nursery Stakes: Mr. A. F. Basset's Sungauge winning

There was a huge field for this race, which was the first one to be run over the new track

Photos

Lady Lurgan and Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker

Topical Agency

Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry)

The weather conditions at Liverpool last week were very fair, except on the second day. On each occasion the attendance was very large, and the social side of the Meeting was well maintained. Among those who were entertaining large house-parties in the vicinity were Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and Colonel Hall Walker

RACING NOTIONS

THE DERBY GOLD CUP. BY CARBINE

A Well-backed Outsider

There have been few more remarkable things in racing this season than Menu's starting-price. People away from the course refused at first to believe that 25 to 1 was correct. But the report was soon affirmed, much, of course, to the jubilation of those who had backed the filly and expected to find her returned at no more than 8 or 10 to 1. It is probable that the success of Menu was one of the biggest blows which starting-price bookmakers have suffered this year, for there were many people who fancied her chance. She was, in fact, a sort of paradox—a well-backed outsider. Backers have so frequently to endure a shameful cramping of the odds that it is quite refreshing when the tables are turned in this way. With Laomedia having unluckily gone amiss, and Altitude giving way to the feather-weighted Glacis, starters for the Liverpool Autumn Cup numbered thirteen. Virtually, no money went on Menu in the Ring, with the result that she was knocked out to the longest odds quoted on the race, and stay-at-home backers for once had the best of it.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Famous Breeder and a Famous Horse

Mr. Leopold Salomans, one of the best known breeders in England with Menistrel, his celebrated stallion, at the Shire Horse Show at Dorking

The Racing at Liverpool

Glacis was made a slightly better favourite than Violante, and whereas the latter, making all the running on very heavy ground, quite pumped herself out, Lord Derby's colt was staying on at the finish. Suddenly, Menu appeared on the scene, and travelling wonderfully well through the soft going, she settled Glacis and Carnegie in a few strides, and won very comfortably. Lord Derby was, as usual, entertaining a house-party at Knowsley for the meeting, but his horses did not meet with their customary success. Fourteen times were Lord Derby's colours carried, and only once successfully, this being when Burscough beat Carnegie in the last event of the meeting. A lot of money had been lost over The Bedouin when he was beaten at Lincoln earlier in the week, but it all came back when he secured the Grosvenor Cup on Saturday, the real surprise of this race being Roseate Dawn, who, running into second place, improved vastly upon his recent piggish displays.

Prospects of the Derby Gold Cup

On Friday, the Derby Gold Cup looks like providing a great race. Radium, I suppose, would have been an absolute certainty if he had not incurred a penalty, thereby raising his weight to 9 st. 4 lb., a very big burden over this tiring course. Even now Mr. Rothschild's horse looks like winning, for his form at the last Newmarket meeting was superb. One of his best opponents will probably be Wuffy, who should be better suited by this distance than by the Cesarewitch course. He meets Demure on 10 lb. better terms than at Newmarket, so there can be very little between them, especially as Wuffy likes a mile and three-quarters, as he showed in the Great Ebor. Old Hammerkop is sure to have followers, for it is generally agreed that she would have given a better show for Mr. Gilpin's stable in the Cesarewitch than Baltinglass did. Slavetrader is rather a "dark" customer, whose chance is not to be ignored, but he has been rather a long time "on the shelf." Stickup is certain to have many friends if he is the chosen representative of Alec Taylor's stable, for he cut a very creditable figure in the Cambridgeshire. Then there is Madame de Soubise, said to have performed much below her real form in the Cesarewitch, and now expected to beat Demure at the difference in the weights. It is, in short, an interesting affair, and I look to **Radium** to prove capable of the big task that confronts him. Wuffy and Demure may fill the two places behind him.

Other Derby Selections

The Beckhampton horses are rather under a cloud just now, and **Acclaim** has not been seen out since his bold display in the St. Leger, but at the weights he looks a good thing for the Markeaton Plate on Wednesday. In his absence I should take Tirara. On the same day, my selection is **Hackberry** for the Rangemore Stakes. **The Welkin** may win the Chatsworth Plate on Thursday, and **Lady Hasty** may atone for various disappointments by securing the Chaddesden Plate on the following day.

The Late Lord Chesham

As we go to press, we learn, with great regret, of the fatal accident to Lord Chesham, who, while hunting with the Pytchley on Saturday, was thrown from his horse and broke his neck. His lordship was the third baron, and Master of the Bicester from 1885 to 1893. He was fifty-seven years of age, and a distinguished soldier, whose part in the South African War, as one of the chief organisers of the Yeomanry, is remembered with deep gratitude by the nation, and the Army.

The Newest Druce Phase

PARTICIPANTS IN LAST FRIDAY'S HEARING AT MARYLEBONE

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C.

Counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. G. H. Druce

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Late Sir Morell Mackenzie

The famous surgeon, who died in 1892. He has been brought into the case by the new witness (from America), Mr. Caldwell

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Horace Avory, K.C.

Counsel for the defendant, Mr. Herbert Druce

The Druce-Portland mystery thickens. Each succeeding day of the present trial before the Marylebone magistrate reveals some new marvel in the direction of evidence, and new actors in the drama appear with a frequency which may well make the managers of real playhouses green with envy. Last Friday introduced Mr. Caldwell (from New York), who staggered the Court with some amazing allegations as to his acquaintance with the late Duke of Portland, who was, he positively stated, identical with the late Mr. T. C. Druce. The introduction of the name of Sir Morell Mackenzie was another sensation — Caldwell having alleged that he was introduced to the Duke by that famous surgeon as the discoverer of a novel "cure" for a complaint from which the Duke suffered. To complete his chapter of sensation, Mr. Caldwell testified to having himself filled the "Drucial" coffin with the lead which it is alleged to contain.

Further amazing evidence may be looked for on Friday next.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

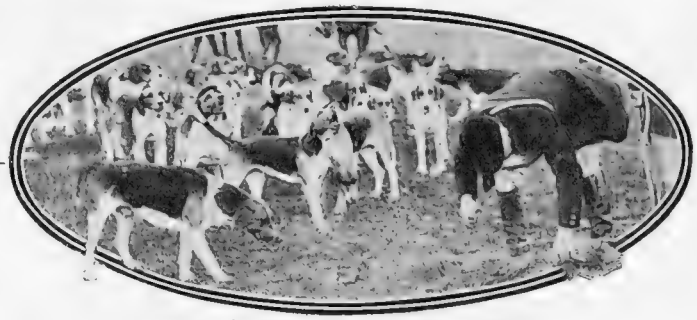
Mr. Caldwell, the Witness from New York, in Court

To say that his evidence staggered the Court is to use a mild and inadequate expression

In Process of Being Staggered

Interested parties outside the Court on Friday last discussing Mr. Caldwell's strange story of the Duke and his alleged nasal complaint, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and the leaded coffin.

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT



Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate: A Kill

The Start in Leicestershire

With the meet of the Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate, of the Cottesmore at Greetham Inn, and of Mr. Fernie's at Gumley, the season opened in Leicestershire on the 4th inst., not a day later than usual, in spite of the delay which was caused early in cub-hunting by the backward harvest. The fact is, hounds were able to do so well all through October, the frequent rains being all that huntsmen could have wished for, that they were in first-class trim by the opening of the present month. Cubs having been effectively scattered, nothing was needed to complete the satisfaction of those connected with the various packs save the disappearance of the leaf, which will still cling tenaciously to the hedges until a sharp frost comes to clear them away. It is not often that great sport has to be recorded from Kirby Gate, and this year the day was dull and disappointing. Crowds of holiday-makers assembled at the historic fixture, partly because it has long been the annual custom to do so in this part of Leicestershire, and partly because they wanted to see a fox break away from Gartree Hill. Of this latter pleasure they were robbed, these and neighbouring coverts being blank, and it was well on in the afternoon before sport came to the mounted division, who were, as usual, simply thirsting for a scamper in the open.

Sir Reginald Graham

Whose "Fox-hunting Recollections" is the most interesting hunting book published since Colonel Anstruther Thomson's "Reminiscences"

Hunting and Pork Pies!

And so the multitude of humble but enthusiastic foot-people had, in the way of actual hunting, little to see and treasure in their memory. That reminds me rather of the tale which is told of the correspondent of the London daily paper who was sent into Leicestershire many years ago to write a special description under the familiar heading of "The Quorn at Kirby Gate." He saw very little of the hounds, but apparently he had a keen eye for the "inner man," and instead of telling of the sport enjoyed, he devoted some considerable portion of his article to dilating on the virtues of the "specially succulent pork pies" of Melton Mowbray. He proceeded to state that the trade in them was in a great measure provoked by the presence of hunting men, who found that "particular edible, when cut into slices, to be about the most convenient, not to say filling, luncheon which they can carry about with them!"

Successful Cub-Hunting

Nearly all the reports on the recent cub-hunting season—I have by me thirty or forty from all parts of the kingdom—tell of satisfactory work. Here is a note from my Melton Mowbray correspondent:

> The Quorn finished their cub-hunting season on Friday, the 1st inst., meeting at Sir F. Fowke's place, Lowesby Hall. There were four or five foxes lying in the plantation below the Hall when hounds drew it. One fell a victim to the pack, and, a brace going away almost together, hounds divided, the body of the pack settling to one which took them past Quenby Hall to Botany Bay, where they were stopped. Subsequently, John o' Gaunt was visited, and proved to be full of foxes, at least eight or nine being on foot there. Nothing but strict cub-hunting was attempted, and eventually, after good work in covert, a leash were brought to hand. During the cub-hunting the Quorn accounted for thirty-one brace of cubs and a brace of badgers. Before this is in print our opening meet at Kirby Gate will have taken place. The country is still awfully blind, scarcely a leaf being off the fences, but the prospects of a good season were never brighter.

The Cottesmore wound up their cub-hunting with a gallop in the open, which, for brilliance, will be difficult to beat in the regular season, and Mr. Fernie's hounds were likewise in great form.

The Book of a Notable Fox-hunter

The best hunting book since Colonel Anstruther Thomson's reminiscences is "Fox-hunting Recollections" (Eveleigh Nash: 10*s.*), by Sir Reginald Graham, and I cannot imagine a keen hunting man reading through these pleasant pages with any feeling but that of pure delight, or

OUT WITH THE COTTESMORE

1.

2. *Photos* *Topical Agency*

1. The Cottesmore Meet at Tilton: Bringing up the Hounds
2. Lord Lonsdale, the Master (on the right), chatting with the Huntsman

The famous Cottesmore pack is this season being hunted by the Earl of Lonsdale, in succession to Mr. Evan Hanbury. Lord Lonsdale is one of our best-known sporting peers, and besides being a fearless rider and an expert judge of horses, he is a keen motorist, and is the President of the Brooklands Club

without a ravenous desire for more when he had come to the end. There are, of course, people to whom the book will make special appeal. Followers of the Cotswold, for example, will be closely interested, as this was the first pack of which Sir Reginald Graham was Master. In the same way, those who hunt in the New Forest, the Tedworth, and the Hurworth countries will find something particularly to attract them, because all these packs were under Sir Reginald's command at different periods. In the Bedale country, too, the book will surely be widely read, for here, at Norton Conyers, the author was born and bred, and here he has lived for many years, the model of a popular Yorkshire squire, following hounds with all the enthusiasm of a younger man, until disabled by an unhappy accident. Few sportsmen have had so varied an experience of fox-hunting, and the love of the sport can be said to have been bred in him, for his father was Sir Bellingham Graham, one of the most famous M.F.H.'s in hunting history. Sir Bellingham was Master of Hounds from 1815 to 1826, and between those dates he hunted the Badsworth, Atherstone, Pytchley, Hambledon, Quorn, Albrighton, and Shropshire Hounds.

When Sir Reginald First Hunted Hounds

Some interesting details of the career of this great fox-hunter, the contemporary and friend of such celebrities as Osbaldeston and Jack Mytton, are given in "Fox-hunting Recollections," but Sir Bellingham's hunting career took place long before Sir Reginald's existence, and the author mainly concerns himself with events of which he has had personal experience. The book sparkles with amusing anecdotes, and Sir Reginald does not mind telling a story against himself. His first attempt at hunting hounds was made in the Burton country under Lord Henry Bentinck's Mastership. Suddenly finding himself alone with hounds, and the pack in difficulties, Sir Reginald proceeded, with all the confidence of youth, to hold them down wind and then in other directions:

> No doubt I must have thought it encouraging to the pack to wave my right arm with energy as I took them along with that action of the hand which is much in vogue on poultry farms. All in vain. They never touched the line again. I looked round once more; what did I see? Fifty yards behind there stood Lord Henry himself, with Messrs. Chaplin, Chandos Leigh, and Charley Hawtin. Would that the earth could have swallowed me up at that moment! Slowly, step by step, the cavalcade approached! . . . At last, Lord Henry, in slow, measured tones, almost hissed out, word by word, "Sir Reginald, when you have quite done feeding your chickens, perhaps you will allow *my* huntsman to cast *my* hounds." I did not hear the last of it for many a day.

Mr. Thomas Cradock
Master of the Ormond Hounds, whose sport has been temporarily stopped owing to the opposition of the United Irish League

County Court Judge Fitzgerald
Whom some members of the United Irish League refuse to allow to hunt over their land

Photos *Lafayette*

Mr. John Watson
The popular Master of the Meath Hounds, who has received a pleasant notice from the United Irish League to the effect that poison will be laid down for his hounds and foxes if Judge Fitzgerald makes any attempt to hunt with the Meath

Sir Reginald Graham sighs for the facile pen of a Whyte-Melville, yet the simple language in which he has put together his reminiscences is not one of the smallest charms of a book which will be read and read again by hunting people.

A League of Dog Lovers

I have been asked to give prominence to a forthcoming bazaar at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, to be held on the 20th and 21st of this month in aid of the Canine Defence League. If distinguished patronage counts for anything, the bazaar should be a success, and I am credibly informed that the list of those who will take an active part in the proceedings includes the Duchess of Portland, the Duchesse de Lousada, the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Marchioness of Donegall, Lady Helen Grosvenor, the Countess of Kinnoul, the Countess of Cavan, the Countess of Plymouth, Lady Mary Trefusis, and Lady Agneta Montagu.

Troublous Times in Ireland

Regardless of any interests but their own (and these they do not clearly see), the agitators who go to make up the executive of the United Irish League are doing their level best to inflame the peasant mind in certain parts of Ireland against fox-hunting. The worst trouble has been experienced in the Ormond country, where a crowd of nearly a thousand excited "patriots" gathered outside the residence of the Master, Mr. Thomas Cradock, on the occasion of the opening meet, and refused to allow the hounds to hunt unless certain gentlemen, who in some mysterious way had offended them, were "expelled from the Hunt." The gentlemen alluded to, be it added, were not out with the pack, and they had expressed their intention of not hunting at all at present. But this did not satisfy the Leaguers. They demanded nothing short of the expulsion from the Hunt membership of the offending parties. No wonder, therefore, that the Ormond Hunt decided to abandon all meets for a fortnight, and if further opposition is

encountered the probability is that hunting will be abandoned altogether in this district. It is a great pity that the sport should be dragged into these Irish agrarian differences. It would be nothing short of a national calamity if one of the best packs—say, the Meath—had to be stopped on account of the insensate tactics of these agitators. That, of course, seems a very remote possibility, but it may be noted that the Ratvath Branch of the League have written to Mr. John Watson to say that "we object to County Court Judge Fitzgerald hunting over our land, and . . . if he makes any attempt to do so we will be reluctantly compelled to resort to the disagreeable extreme of laying poison on our lands." A nice threat, in a civilised country!

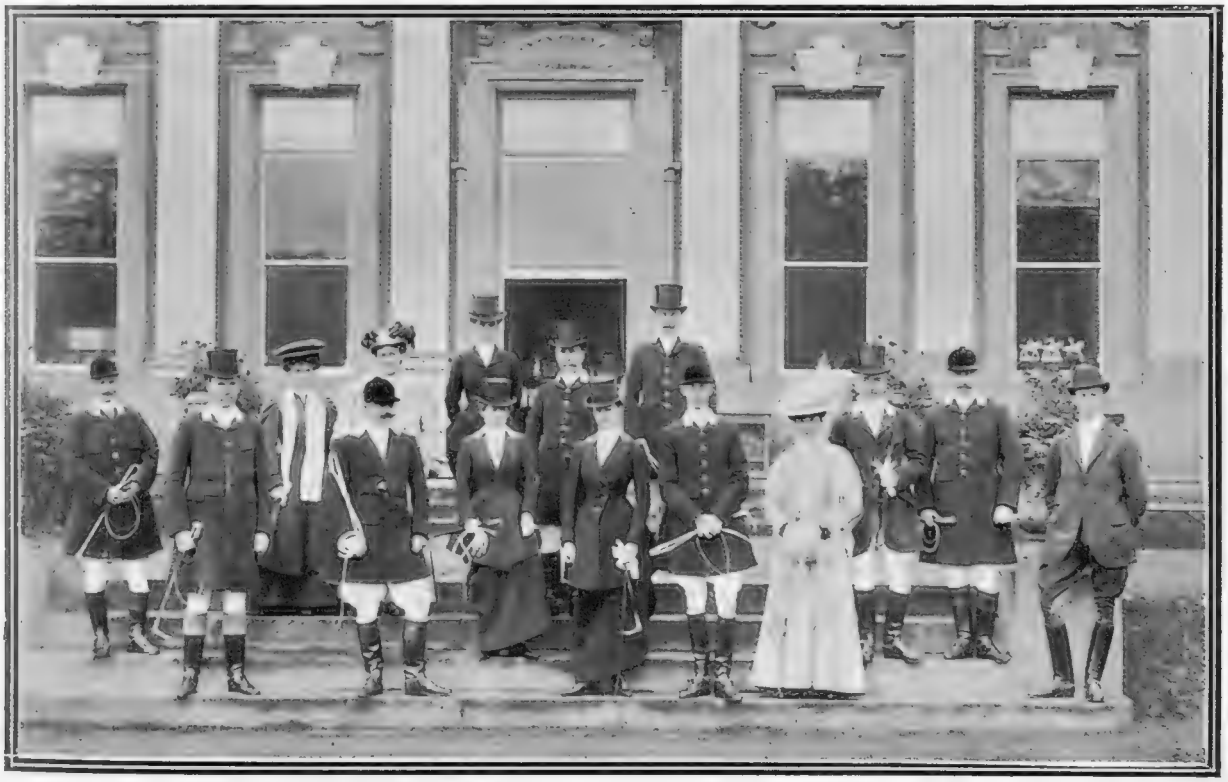
Photo *Barrett*

The Opening Meet of the Fitzwilliam Hounds at Clumber House

Earl Fitzwilliam (entering the house), the Duke of Newcastle (in the centre), and Captain Peake (on horseback)

Presentation to Mr. Selby Lowndes

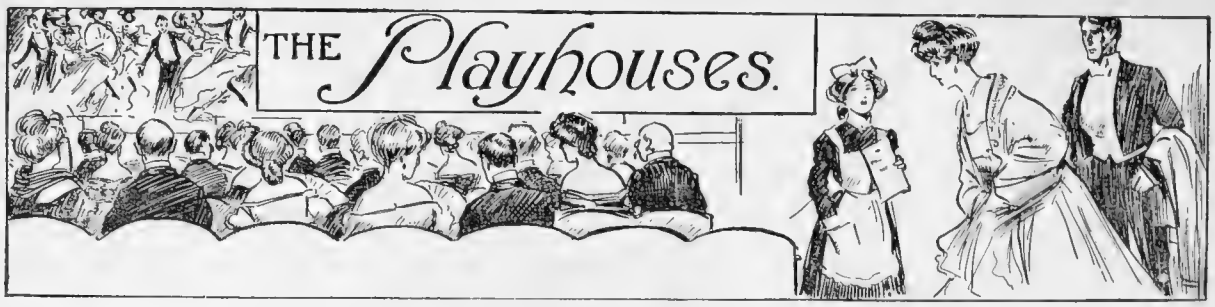
One of the jolliest of last week's opening meets was certainly that of the East Kent Foxhounds at Waldershare Park, for Lord and Lady Guilford made all welcome, and the crowd must have numbered fully a thousand, including three hundred horsemen. All the farmers were invited to a hunt breakfast. There was a marquee on the lawn, with refreshments for the members of the Hunt and their friends, and the whole scene was one to be long remembered. The great event of the day was the presentation to the Master, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, of a handsome testimonial in token of his valuable services to the pack during seven seasons in the Mastership. This comprised an illuminated address, with the names of 300 subscribers, three plated figures of the Hunt staff, a fox's mask, a salver in silver, and a cheque for £200. The presentation was very happily made on behalf of the subscribers by Lord Guilford, who stated that Mr. Selby Lowndes had started his career as a huntsman at the age of thirteen. The farmers looked after the hounds for him during term time, the young Master hunting them during the holidays. Subsequently he hunted a "bobbery" pack in America, and on his return took over the Wells Harriers. Then he went to the Bilsdale, and eventually the East Kent Hunt, to their great advantage, secured his services. A member of a great fox-hunting family, Mr. Selby Lowndes has done marvellously well in the East Kent country, and it has been well said of him that he was "sent into the world to send foxes out of it." A. W. C.



Photo] **The Presentation to Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes: The House-Party at Waldershare Park** [*Lambert Weston*

The opening meet of the East Kent Hounds at Waldershare Park was the occasion of the presentation of a handsome testimonial to the Master, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes.

Top Row (*left to right*): Mrs. Vale, Mrs. Laurence Hardy, Miss Honeywood, Colonel Laurie, Mr. Virgil Pomfret.
Front Row: Colonel Martindale Vale, Laurence Hardy, Esq., M.P., the Master (Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes), Mrs. Selby Lowndes, the Countess of Guilford, the Earl of Guilford, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Major J. Howard, Mr. J. E. Churchill, Mr. Hodgson.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

PITY THE POOR CENSOR

Many an official stung by abuse must be inclined to borrow, for use upon the public, that expression which Mr. Bumble directed so tellingly against the law—"a hass." But if Mr. Redford is tempted to let himself go in this fashion, he will be wrong. For the public does not care a row of pins about the recent agitation against the Censor. It is a newspaper-made and author-made agitation. It came during a period of comparative slackness in the affairs of the theatre. It is an unfortunate fact that the moment a slackening occurs in the rush of new productions, some estimable journalist sows a wind of folly from which is reaped a whirlwind of idiocy. The "silly season" in affairs dramatic occurs every few weeks, not once a year, which is as often as we are required to suffer its prototype—the parent "silly season."

Mr. Redford is the "giant gooseberry" of the theatrical silly season, as is Mr. Alfred Austin of the silly season of letters. Fortunately, both for Mr. Austin and for Mr. Redford, each is an autocrat enabled by his position to practise the policy of a contemptuous silence. It may or may not have been a surprise to the public to learn that with the managers Mr. Redford was *personâ grata*. Haunted by the spectres of a policeman and a London County Councillor, the managers have voted solid for Mr. Redford. And a moment's reflection will convince anyone that the managers have good cause for their championship. The author-agitators contend that Mr. Redford, with his blue pencil, rules out passages relating to life; that the discussion of a moral problem sets him exercising his executionary powers. If this contention were true, we should never have witnessed *The Gay Lord Quex*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and scores of plays commencing a decade ago, and ending, to date, with *Irene Wycherley*. The fact is that Mr. Redford has sensibly taken the platform, not of a censor of morals, but of good taste. He has sanctioned plays which contain quite as much portrayal of "life" as the public is willing to stand. He is opposed by a little band of literary malcontents influenced by various motives. Some have signed their names to the "protest" to be delivered to the Prime Minister because they like to appear in any literary "movement" that is going on; others because their vanity is outraged by the fact of a work of art being licensed; a few because they have up their sleeves plays dealing with a "life" which is too strong for any save for that little circle of unhealthy minded women and men (distinguished as much by eccentricities of morals as of costume) who hang to the skirts of literature in the hope that literature and its sister, the drama, can supply them with that stimulant for their diseased minds which they cannot obtain from intercourse with their less "advanced" fellow-creatures.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Tree: His very latest photograph

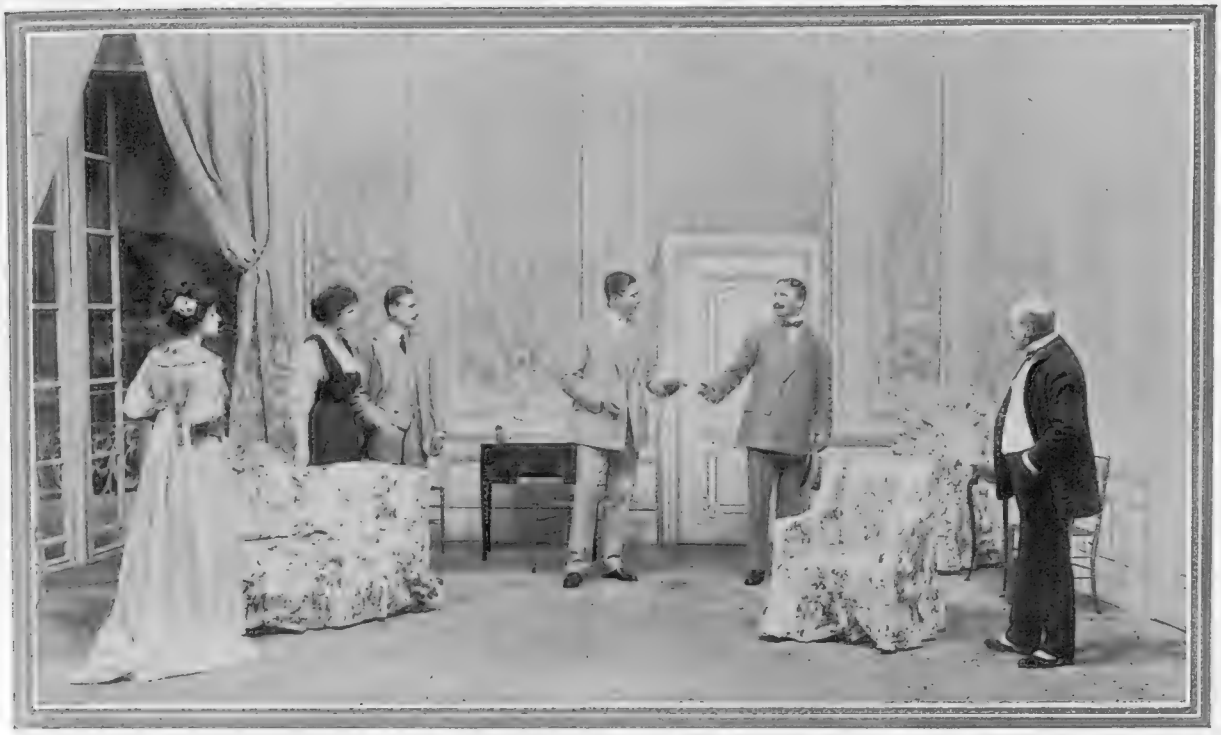
Mr. Tree, in common with other managers, has carefully refrained from joining in the agitation against the Censor. Indeed, a census was taken, and the managers plumped solid for Mr. Redford. Mr. Tree is now on tour in the provinces

A stranger in the land might deduce from the agitation against the Censor that Mr. Redford was an overbearing official with a highly inflamed and most tender Non conformist Conscience, whose mission in life it was to act as official guardian angel over the young person. He is nothing of the kind.

The agitation has not been without its amusing side. Leader-writers and essayists have lifted it on to the high plane of politics. They have dealt with the Censor not as an estimable gentleman who carries out very arduous and delicate duties, but as an autocrat. Mr. Chesterton finds Mr. Redford ridiculous, not because he throws a playgoing public into mourning for refusing them *Ghosts* and *Monna Vanna*, but because he wields a power akin to that wielded by the Tsar of all the Russias. Personally, I have a weakness for autocrats. Imagining myself for one moment fulfilling the dazzling position of Censor, I find myself discharging my duties with greater ease and ability than if I formed one of a "committee" or "council." For my experience of committees is that thoughtful men, with an unfortunate tendency to go to sleep what time pushful and purposeful men who have been "got at" by artful and determined cliques hold the floor—these men of thought, I say, wake up with the disquieting feeling that the business (and the wrong business) of the meeting is over.

"Lady Frederick" at the Court Theatre

Miss Beatrice Terry (*Rose Carlisle*) — Mr. C. M. Lowne (*Paradine Foulder*)



Miss Ethel Irving (*Lady Frederick*) — Mr. Edmund Breon (*Sir Gerald O'Mara*) — Mr. A. Holmes-Gore (*Captain Montgomerie*) — Mr. E. W. Garden (*Admiral Carlisle*)

MR. FOULDER: "Here is my cheque!"

Photos] Mr. W. Graham Browne (*Lord Mereston*) — Miss Ethel Irving (*Lady Frederick*) [*Dover Street Studios*

CHARLIE: "How soft and silky it is"

A clever play—which, nevertheless, chiefly owes its success to the splendid acting of its principal character, Miss Ethel Irving—is Mr. W. S. Maugham's *Lady Frederick*. Lord Mereston, an eligible young peer, falls in love with Lady Frederick, a baronet's widow, who is rumoured to have a past. The play is chiefly concerned with the efforts of Lady Mereston, aided by her brother, Paradine Foulder, to extricate her son from Lady Frederick's clutches. Eventually, however, he is delivered, not by his mother or uncle, but by Lady Frederick herself, who quite disillusions her devoted lover by allowing him to be present during the laborious process of "making-up." In the course of trying to free his nephew, Paradine Foulder himself falls a victim, and eventually marries Lady Frederick

THE NEW THEATRE

"Mrs. Ellison's Answer"

It is quite possible that other beginners in the difficult art of writing for the stage have made no more favourable start than Mr. Rowan Orme. His play shows inexperience at every turn. He seems to be struggling all the time to express something. His failure seems to be due to the fact that he is not at home with the implements of his craft. He is evidently a careful student of plays. *Mrs. Ellison's Answer* reminds one of half a hundred plays we have seen, and the result is: it is a formless thing—a piece of crazy patchwork.

Mr. Rowan Orme bridges the past and the present. Some of the dialogue is almost archaic. There crop up during the play little turns of speech, little pieces of business and of stagecraft which remind us of what we have learned from older men about the dear old days of the "sixties."

There is one point in Mr. Orme's favour; he has contrived to stuff most of his bald dialogue and amateurishness of treatment into the first act. It is a very difficult first act for any but the most hardened and conscientious playgoer to stomach. However, virtue has its reward, and when Mr. Orme starts telling the story of two unhappy married couples he becomes more interesting.

The first unhappy married couple are Richard Milvain (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw) and Sylvia Gadband (Miss Lucy Wilson). Richard is the pride of his mamma, who is anxious that her son should contract a suitable marriage. Richard drifts into the marriage with Sylvia partly to please his mamma, and partly from the feeling that he has remained unmarried quite long enough, and may as well give the thing a chance, like other men of his acquaintance. The Milvains are rather an unfortunate family, because Richard's brother, Oswald, makes a bad marriage at the other end of the scale, as it were. Instead of marrying, as his brother does, for position and money, his romantic and artistic disposition induces him to see the form of a goddess in the tailor-made, slangy, ill-bred young American person, Patricia Wilkeyn (Miss Claudia Lasell). Needless to remark, this alliance turns out disastrously. Apparently, the purpose of the playwright is to point a moral, and show that all marriages except marriages for love are a failure. But one might read plenty of motives in Mr. Orme's play without succeeding in hitting upon the right one. When he is more at home with the tools of the craft he has taken up, he will be able to express his motives more clearly. The end of the play, in which lessons, if we are to have any lessons, should be driven home, is inconclusive. The elder brother, Richard, is very much in love with Mrs. Ellison, who lives apart from her husband. Most passages between Richard and his affinity are taken up with arguments for and against the couple running away together. Richard has almost prevailed, when Nemesis, in the shape of a gun accident, overtakes him. He becomes blind, and his hopeless condition draws him towards his wife, or, rather, draws his wife towards him. In his treatment of the other young people, Mr. Orme is not conclusive. The flighty and ill-bred Patricia is much attached to one of her own class, Frank Sozzenheim. She leaves her husband, and when her father suggests that his son-in-law should return, Oswald treats the suggestion very vaguely. His life is ruined; there is no more happiness for him.

Miss Granville has done more than we thought could be possible (had we only read the play) with the rôle of Mrs. Ellison. She expresses with great skill the varying emotions of the character, and in several places her art was sufficient to conceal some of the rawness of the playwright's methods. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw did not bestir himself much in the rôle of Richard. The breeziest person in the play was Jacob Silas Wilkeyn, played by Mr. John Beauchamp. The actor gave forth his Americanisms with all the force in his power. There are still some Americans left in London, and it seemed to me that Jacob's sallies were received at times by a positive shiver in the stalls. Mr. Orme must try again. E. C. S.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. A. P. Wharton

The author of the successful play, *Irene Wycherley*, now filling the bill at the Kingsway Theatre, under the management of Miss Lena Ashwell

Miscellanea

Pantomime rehearsals will now soon be in full swing, and it is interesting to note that there will be at least three pantomimes in the West End. In addition to the *Babes in the Wood* at Drury Lane, *Robinson Crusoe* will be produced at the Lyceum, and *Aladdin* at the Adelphi. Both Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Robert Arthur boast that they have made "finds" for principal parts. The former has engaged Miss Ouida Macdermott to play the rôle of the Princess, and the latter has secured the services of Miss Sarah Vruvell to play the Princess in the Adelphi "show." Mr. Robert Arthur has also engaged Mr. Malcolm Scott to play Widow Twankey, and Mr. Harry Dent, the touring Joe Mivens of *Dairymaids'* fame, to impersonate Abanazar.

When Mr. Carpenter starts rehearsing for pantomime, *The Christian* will probably emigrate to the Shaftesbury. In this event the prices of admission at this theatre will be reduced.

"From School to Stage," by Phyllis Dare. (Collier: 1s net)

Those interested in the career of pretty Miss Phyllis Dare, —and many thousands of youthful playgoers are—will be expending their shillings on a little volume entitled "From School to Stage," being the story of Miss Dare's life, written by that clever young actress herself. She starts her narrative by expressing surprise that "so many members of the general public should take a keen interest in the career of so insignificant a person as myself," but adds that the book is a result of hundreds of letters asking her to write an account of her theatrical life. To use her own expression, Miss Dare does not "shine" as an authoress, and the volume makes poor reading. An autobiography can hardly avoid being egotistical, but the question that strikes one most forcibly after the reading of this book is, Why was it ever written at all? Miss Dare apparently had a *collaborateur*, for in the preface she admits that a certain gentleman has assisted her in "turning a chaotic pile of notes into—well—some sort of order." There are eight photographic illustrations—all of Miss Phyllis Dare and members of her family. R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Romance-Tragedy in Servia

A Belgrade correspondent sends me the following remarks on the death of Captain Novakovitch in prison :—

In Servia—yea, even in Servia—one figure shines whose light dispels the gloom of treason and crime. Captain Novakovitch has shown that what men most treasure—life—was of no account to him in comparison with the fair fame of his motherland. When others, discouraged, desisted from a struggle against tremendous odds, he never faltered or slackened in the endeavour to put right what had been made wrong.

"An officer who has broken his oath to his Sovereign has no place in the Servian Army," he repeated stubbornly, day by day, in the pages of his journal, *Otatsbina*. And, monotonous though it rang, this eternal cry, it is but fair to the people of Servia to say that the journal's circulation exceeded that of any other in the land. An ever-growing menace it seemed to some, and suppression was decided upon.

The romance of true love came to lend additional pathos to a brave man's fate.

"Dare you take the risk?" Captain Novakovitch asked his *fiancée*. "It is almost as if you wed an outlaw! The regicides have sworn to accomplish my downfall, and yet—you know me—I will go on denouncing them to my last gasp."

"I would not have you otherwise," was the spirited answer; and thus did General Boshkovitch's daughter throw in her lot with that of the doomed patriot. Some brief months of wedded bliss preceded the catastrophe of separation.

From prison Captain Novakovitch wrote to his brave little wife :

DEAREST,—I have sad presentiments. From certain indications, too, I think it unlikely that I will leave here alive. . . There is no chance of my being brought to trial, since nothing can be proved against me. . . I have again refused offers of a compromise. . . Be prepared for the worst and have courage for the sake of our child, whom you must train in the unswerving path.—Always, Love, your MILAN.

Some days after the above was penned the prisoner fell under the bullets of Pashitsh's police.

Captain Milan Novakovitch (with his wife)

The Captain died recently, in prison at Belgrade, at the hands of his gaolers, after having been imprisoned for his candid comments on the Royal *regime* in his journal, *Otatsbina*

Rodin's Popularity—and Prices

Rodin's exhibition of drawings at the Rue Richepanse is a puzzle to most people. A contorted limb, a joint of a finger, a foot twisted on its big toe, a solitary mouth, a corner of an eye—what can the poor proletariat make of such technicalities? But Rodin has always been a bit of a mystery, and though the public is unfailingly disappointed with his productions, which it has paid its money to admire, he continues to be admittedly the greatest sculptor of his time, and gets any price he has the face to ask for anything he does, even for a half-dozen incomprehensible lines on the back of an envelope. Yet he is really indifferent to fortune. A very handsome woman, whose bust he has just determined to finish, has been "sitting" for five years. He has made some dozen *moquettes* of her, and has ruthlessly broken them up because he has not been able to express the mixture of gentleness and cruelty which he detected about the lines of her mouth. When he is at work on a bust, he studies his subject, as it were, from within. The outward manifestation is merely what the common faulty eye sees, and that is not enough for the Leonardo da Vinci of modern sculpture. At his studio, at Meudon, he keeps almost open house, making no distinction among his visitors, all of whom he receives in the same "reach-me-down" dressing-gown. One day, when I had the pleasure of gazing at the marvels in his *atelier*, I met the curator of a Danish museum who had come specially to buy some of his sketches. I saw his selection (some hundreds), and must confess I felt inclined to own that they seemed hardly worth the £10 a piece paid for them. Rodin poses as an *inculte*, but, in reality, he is nothing of the kind, and, like many men who have not had much scholastic education, often knows more than those who have.

* * *

Rochefort's Return to the Press

M. Henri Rochefort's movements of late have created quite a sensation in Paris. He is still to be seen in the most exclusive drawing-rooms, and riding

in the Bois, in spite of the fact that the heir of one of his generous benefactresses has cut off supplies.

How characteristic of Paris is the extraordinary interest of its gay and brilliant literary population in the reappearance of Henri Rochefort as a contributor to the *Figaro*. If the Frenchman in politics leans to Socialism, in thought and literature he is essentially individualist. To be orthodox in either goes quite against the grain of his intellect. To be himself and nothing but himself, to write his way and not anyone else's way, is the mark of the true Parisian *littérateur*, and Rochefort has all his life been that, and nothing else. In 1865, Rochefort, a scion of a noble house, was writing for the aristocratic *Figaro*. He then "went to the Left," became *intransigeant*, and wound up by lampooning everybody and everything. He sided with Boulanger, perhaps more because there was a political "shindy" in prospect, which he wanted to be in, than because of any personal conviction. He dropped Boulanger and his cause as soon as any other lost one came along, and here he is, after having boxed the compass of politics, back at his starting-point, as fresh and brilliant as ever, in spite of his forty years' war against things human.

* * *

The Origin of the "Petit" Newspaper

Under the Republic, decentralisation has set in, and the provincial dullards lured by politics to the capital have possessed themselves of the Paris Press. In return, provincial papers have benefited, and journals like *Le Petit Havre* and *Le Journal de Rouen* are equal, and in some respects superior, to any Paris papers. The word "*petit*" always strikes the foreigner. Its origin is, in itself, significant. The evening edition was called "*Petit*," and originally was *petit*, but the French newspaper reader has come more and more to read his paper in the evening, and the *petit* edition has now become the chief one, whereas the morning one is merely a repetition, with a "stop-press" column. It is interesting to speculate on the reason for this very pronounced difference between the Frenchman and the Englishman, for the latter treats his morning paper with a respect only equalled by the disrespect with which he treats his evening sheet.

* * *

Crispi as a Book-Collector

The impending sale of Crispi's magnificent library reminds us that great men sometimes read books as well as collect them. Crispi's favourite reading material was, as befits a statesman, particularly one of the political regenerators of Italian history. Unlike most Sicilians, he had intellectual affinities which brought him into closer sympathy with the Germanic than with the Latin races. This was probably, to some extent, due to his historical studies, which taught him that contrast rather than resemblance united nations like human beings. Events, however, have belied both his facts and his conclusions. The *rapprochement* with France is now as popular in Italy as the German alliance is unpopular. No one who knew both Crispi and Castelar can help thinking of them together. Both were products of the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, both enthusiasts, both great political leaders, and both initiators of foreign politics for their respective countries. Castelar's library was, like a Paris book-shop, packed from floor to roof with the yellow paper covers of unbound French volumes, every one of which he had read till he became saturated with French ideas on every conceivable subject.

Photo] **Frau Dr. von Pappe, the first woman taxi-cabdriver in Berlin** *[Topical Agency*

The fair "cabbie" is said to have been averaging £6 odd per night since starting in the business. She is a married woman and the "mother of six"

THE LATEST STAGE ROMANCE?

Photo] **MISS BILLIE BURKE** [*Bassano*

Who, it is rumoured, is secretly engaged to be married to one of our youngest and wealthiest peers

AN ATHE

The Incas of Peru—Their Civilisa which Peru

An Inland Sea in the Mountains: Lake Titicaca

Situated 12,545 ft. above sea level, amid some of the highest peaks of the Andes. Lake Titicaca has, on its banks, many ruins and traces of the Incas epoch. It is eighty miles long

Among the world's happy hunting-grounds for "hidden treasure," one of the most popular is Peru. It is fervently believed that the Incas—that most civilised of aboriginal Indian races, who governed Peru with a splendour scarcely inferior to that of Rome and Greece—on their subjugation by Spain, hid in the earth treasure of enormous value. Not so long ago, Incasian gold, value three millions, was

From Stereographs Copyright

Market Place and Old Spanish Cathedral, Cuzco

(Built in the sixteenth century)

The Ancient Inca Capital, Cuzco, the "

Cuzco was the capital of the Incas, and possessed the "Temple of the population before the Spanish Conquest was about 200,000, and its syste modern population of Cuzco is 18,000 only. Behind the city are seen t screen against t

...S OF THE WEST

...on, Religion, and Wealth, Traces of ... Still Possesses

"City of the Sun," as it Appears To-day

...he Sun"—one of the finest specimens of ancient Indian architecture. Its ...ystem of government Utopian to a degree undreamed of in our day. The ...n the mystic and rugged Sierras of the Andes, which form so effective a ...st the outer world

The Church of S. Domingo, Cuzco—a Dilapidated Quarter of the City

unearthed near Chayalta, among the mountains. Whether or not, however, there is hidden treasure in Peru, it is interesting to be reminded, by a glance at the above photographs, of a country with so romantic a history. Peru is one of the many ancient civilisations absolutely stifled by the Spain of other years. The Incas, before Pizarro's visit, enjoyed an extraordinarily high degree of civilisation. Peru was, indeed, a Utopia. Ruled by wisdom and suasion rather than by force of arms, it enjoyed an ideal communistic government. It was of great wealth. had an art, and an architecture of its own

Underwood and Underwood, London and New York

Descendants of the Incas

Modern types of the ancient race, which, before the Spanish Conquest, enjoyed a civilisation comparable with that of Greece and Rome. The Incas even to-day form the bulk of the Peruvian population

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 104

A FALL IN PRIDE

By REGINALD RAYNER

MR. AUBREY LEGRAND, the matinée darling, the typist's dream, the postcard pet, in short, Mr. Aubrey Legrand, the popular actor, was about to take a rest. Not, of course, a "rest" in the theatrical sense, for Mr. Legrand was no more in need of an engagement than is the latest millionaire in need of friends. He simply considered himself "run down"; and, consequently, intended to hide, for awhile, the brilliant limelight of his personality beneath the bushel of an unknown farmhouse, whence he would ere long emerge, refreshed and invigorated, to shine more brightly than ever before the eager eyes of his admirers.

He had told no one of his destination, but at a little supper-party, given the night before to a few select friends, mostly women, he had suddenly announced, with a sweep of his white hands and a flash of his alabaster teeth, that he was about to vanish from their midst for a whole terrible month.

So no farewell handkerchief was waved to Aubrey Legrand as his train slipped smoothly out of Paddington; but it did not trouble him, and he very contentedly placed his elegant feet on the opposite seat of his empty compartment and composed himself for tranquil thought.

When Aubrey Legrand wished to think, he, not unnaturally, always began by closing his eyes, in order, as he himself had once so aptly put it, that by closing his fleshy eyes to this vulgar world, he might open the eyes of his artistic soul to feast upon the far more delicate and congenial landscape of the world of thought. He quite forgot to add that this charming landscape was, for him, invariably obscured by a colossal and highly coloured replica of—himself.

His experience to-day furnished no exception, and he allowed his thoughts to dwell contentedly upon his own achievements of the last few months. And, indeed, he had some reason for satisfaction. Six months ago had been produced, for the first time, a play in which Legrand, already high in the popular favour, had scored a tremendous success. The feminine portion of the theatre-going community had fairly lost their heads over him. The gallery kissed their hands to him, the pit applauded him hysterically, the circles silently worshipped him, and the stalls invited him to dine—but he only accepted the very best invitations.

Aubrey didn't get on particularly well with the men, as they had the bad taste not to lose their heads over him—but he didn't care; the clerks in the box-office of the great theatre known as "Society" are practically all women, and Aubrey had no fears for his seat.

The name of the particular clerk who eventually secured Aubrey his ticket, and then showed him to one of the nicest seats when he got inside, was the Honourable Helena Ripley, and she had been so extremely kind and unremittingly attentive to him, that as Aubrey closed his eyes in the train he could not help seeing, among the rosy mists which surrounded his own shining image, a giant newspaper placard bearing the legend, "Famous actor to marry peer's daughter."

This was not merely a pleasant dream of Aubrey's; it was his fixed intention to marry Helena Ripley, and, indeed, he was quite confident of the speedy accomplishment of his desire. Helena had no father, and her brother did not attempt to restrain her somewhat eccentric actions; she was twenty-eight, quite independent, very good-looking, and—yes, Aubrey was sure of it—she was hopelessly in love with himself.

Aubrey had definitely made up his mind to propose to Helena when he returned, becomingly brown, from his restful sojourn at the pretty West Country farmhouse, whose solid comforts a friend had recommended to him. Aubrey did not intend to rough it. With his busy mind's eye he saw himself lounging about in the sun and a well-fitting tweed suit, while he patronisingly discussed the crops with the honest farmer, and—he wondered if by any chance there were a pretty daughter.

Time flies fast when one's thoughts are pleasantly occupied, and it did not seem long to Aubrey ere he arrived at his destination. The farmer himself met him with a comfortable spring cart, and as they drove through the deep Devon lanes, Aubrey noticed that he was a fine, handsome man, and supposed that his daughter, if he had one, would be well-looking too.

It was a five-mile drive to the farmhouse, the latter part of the road being across the open moor, and as Aubrey looked over the generous roll of the purple hills he realised that he had chosen an ideal spot for his month's rest. Pure and sweet from the sea came the gentle wind, its salt sting tempered by the honey gathered from the wide stretches of heather which lay between the ocean and the travellers, and as nature's breath fell softly upon his paint-weary face, Aubrey quite forgot to think about himself for a while, and allowed his strained senses to be soothed and comforted by the restful atmosphere of the pure beauty around him.

At length the farmer turned his horse down a steep lane, high-banked, and shaded by stunted, thickly growing oaks, which led gradually down to where, set in a garden flaming with autumn blossoms, lay his snug home; and, alas! as Aubrey looked in at the low-porched doorway, the better, cleaner man of the open moor fled away from within him and allowed the old, conceited self lover to take his place, for there, in the doorway, shyly hiding behind her buxom mother, stood the country maiden of his fancy, and—she was very fair.

The more Aubrey saw of his quarters, the more kindly did he feel towards the man—a mere chance acquaintance—who had recommended them to him. Everything was perfect; his roomy, first-floor bedroom was no less comfortable than was the view from its windows charming, which is saying a good deal; and his dinner, simple yet excellent, was actually accompanied by an undeniably good bottle of claret, which, as Mrs. Brendon said, was one of many brothers in the cellar below.

Encouraged by the general comfort around him, Aubrey dined well; and, as he leant back in his chair and sipped some of the old brandy he had

(Continued on page 326)

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A Suppliant Pose

Photo] MISS VERA COCKBURN [*Rita Martin*

A delightful and talented young actress, who is now playing the part of Lady Standish in *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* at the Haymarket

(*Continued from page 324*)

thoughtfully brought from London, he felt himself inclined for conversation. He found Mrs. Brendon readily answered his courteously put questions, which dealt broadly with her spouse, their sturdy son, and, lastly, their pretty daughter. Beyond eliciting the fact that her name was Ellen, Aubrey did not press for further information with regard to the daughter—it was not without reason that a certain section of his theatrical friends were in the habit of expressing freely the opinion that "dear Aubrey" was in the enviable state of being totally unembarrassed by flies.

However, Mrs. Brendon, who had been in service and was a skilled waitress, did not seem to wish to leave the subject of her daughter so easily, and after a long speech, half apologetic, half in praise of Ellen, she finally reached her point, and asked Aubrey if he would put up with the less skilled services of eighteen-year-old Ellen at his meals, as the mother of the household, "what with the cooking and all, was hard put to it to find the time."

Needless to say, Aubrey graciously consented.

. . . . .

Three weeks later the autumn sun, shining strongly through a gap in the tree-tops of a coombe near Brendon's Farm, lit up a little grass-covered space amidst the surrounding gloom of the wood, and gave it all the appearance of a natural stage. Nor was this stage untenanted, for a pretty pastoral scene was in progress. Strephon, clad in tweeds, reminiscent of Bond Steeet, reclined upon a couch of ferns, whilst Phyllis, in a home-made frock of print, and with a technique of simple coquetry, tickled the tip of his finely chiselled nose with a long piece of grass. Perhaps it is a little superfluous to add that the part of Strephon was played by Mr. Aubrey Legrand and that of Phyllis by Miss Ellen Brendon.

Suddenly, Strephon sat up, and with that look of passionate despair, immortalised on ten thousand postcards, seized his Phyllis's hand.

"Ellen," he cried, in his well-known choky accents, "my little Ellen! To-morrow we must part."

"Oh, Aubrey, but not for long."

She spoke with great feeling, and all the advantages of a superior education at the local High School. Apparently, however, she had forgotten her part, for Strephon was obviously a little surprised at her confident answer. But he "gagged" cleverly.

"Alas! my heart," he said, "I fear it must be for ever."

The girl gave a start, and a little gasp like a wounded bird.

"B-but, Aubrey," she stammered, "we're going to be married; you know you promised."

Aubrey Legrand raised his melancholy gaze to the blue sky.

"We are already married in our own hearts."

"Aubrey, Aubrey," cried the girl, wildly, "what do you mean?"

"That to-morrow we must part for ever. My child," he went on, still examining the far-off sky, "let us each guard in our hearts the memory of the happy days we have passed together, so that in times of misery and stress we may look back——"

He broke off suddenly to find he was wasting his fine gestures and studied elocution on the desert air, for, taking advantage of his averted gaze, the girl had slipped silently away.

Aubrey remained seated, his gaze fixed on the path down which Ellen must have fled. Was it beginning to dawn upon him that he had behaved like a cad and was deserving of a thorough good kicking? Was he forming generous plans to make amends? But listen; he is thinking aloud.

"She takes it awkwardly," he says softly. "I wonder if she's going to tell the old man"—and then, after a pause—"No, no, I fancy she's too proud; and I'm not a bad judge."

And with a complacent smile, Mr. Aubrey Legrand took out a neat gold case and selected a cigarette with care—the gnats were beginning to make themselves troublesome.

Aubrey's dinner that night was as excellent as usual, but he was waited upon by the solid Mrs. Brendon, who, though she was decidedly more deft in the offices of the table, was vastly less pleasing to the eye than the fair Ellen. Aubrey, who thought that the pleasures of the palate and the eye should go together, tactfully inquired as to the cause of Ellen's absence, and received the information that "she'd felt a bit sickly like, and had gone to bed early."

"Ah, too much sun, I dare say," murmured Aubrey.

"Too much o' something, I make no doubt," said Mrs. Brendon, as she disappeared through the door.

Aubrey wondered a little if there might be any particular meaning underlying the simple woman's words, and began to feel vaguely nervous. However, he applied himself bravely to the old brandy, and by the time he had smoked his sixth cigarette, with due attention to his *petit verre*, all trace of any misgivings he might have entertained had vanished, and his buoyant thoughts had turned to the congenial subject of his intended engagement with Helena Ripley.

With a dignified slowness of step, Mr. Aubrey Legrand soon got himself to bed, and ever there floated before his eyes a hazy, tantalising placard bearing the legend, grown familiar by much repetition, "Peer's daughter to marry famous actor."

The presence of the placard in this out-of-the-way corner of the world did not strike Aubrey as being curious; in fact, it elated him to such an extent that, after undressing and donning his green silk pyjamas, he sat cheerfully down on the edge of his bed, nodding and smiling at his reflection in the mirror, and informing himself aloud that "He was a deuced fine fellah, and the women couldn't help 'emselves, poor dears, when he was about."

Suddenly the foolish satisfaction faded from his face, and he twisted suddenly round on the bed, for he saw, as it were over the shoulder of his reflection in the glass, the door of his room pushed open and the unceremonious entrance of Farmer Brendon.

"M-may I ask the meaning of this intrusion on a gentleman's privacy," he asked.

"I want a word wi' you, me man," said the farmer gruffly.

"I don't understand you," said Aubrey coldly.

"Don't understand me?" roared the farmer. "What have you done to my darter, you scut, sitting there preening of yersel, like a silly peacock in the sun?"

The angry man approached the bed swiftly, and, seizing Aubrey's pyjama-clad shoulder in a massive fist, thrust his hairy face within an inch of his victim's nose.

"What have you been doin' to my lass?" he roared again. "Now d'yew onderstand me?"

"W-what has she been telling you?" Aubrey was horribly frightened.

"Summat that made me sware you shouldn't leave this house till you'm man and wife all raight and praper accordin' to law."

This unwelcome announcement drove the last fumes of the brandy from Aubrey's brain, and he realised with horrible clearness the gravity of his

(*Continued on page 328*)

Yet Another Actress-Peeress

Miss Estelle Christy, whose Engagement to Lord Eliot has just been announced

The latest recruit to the ranks of our actress-peerage is Miss Estelle Christy, who is shortly marrying Lord Eliot, the son and heir of the fifth Earl of St. Germans. The surname "Christy" is an assumed one, our future peeress having adopted the patronymic of the well-known American artist of that name, for many of whose famous girl drawings she stood as model

(*Continued from page 326*)

position. He searched his head wildly for an opening through which he might wriggle out.

"Well," growled the farmer, shaking him a little, "what are ye waiting for?"

Aubrey felt the necessity of a definite answer.

"V-very well, I will," he stammered.

"An' a good thing fur you," said the farmer, letting him go, and standing up. "But look'y here, my brave chap, none o' your tricks. I tell ye plain, you don't leave this house till it's all signed praper, if I have to get a lawyer here to do it. Me an' Jem 'll see yew don't bolt, you can lay to that."

The farmer moved slowly towards the door, and Aubrey realised that his host meant to keep him to his promise. Decidedly this would not do.

"Mr. Brendon," said Aubrey.

"Hey?"

"Mr. Brendon," repeated Aubrey nervously; "I—I fear I spoke a little rashly just now; I—er—was upset. I hope you will not think too badly of me, but—er—in fact, I'm afraid my marriage with your daughter is impossible."

"Impossible!" said the farmer, unpleasantly calm.

"I'm already engaged to be married."

Slowly and deliberately the farmer crossed the room, his heavily shod feet shaking the floor as he walked, and placing one great hand on each of Aubrey's quivering shoulders, he said, in a low voice, tense with concentrated rage:

"You swine, I thought as much. I'm not surprised; but see here, my peacock, I don't know or care how many girls you may be engaged to, but this I do know, either you marry my lass so soon as it can be done, or—by the Lord, I'll kill 'ee with my own hands."

He shook his victim like a rat, and Aubrey, feeling very sick, collapsed on the bed and hid his face in his hands. His brain was in a whirl of confused fear, and wild plans for escape chased one another through his disordered fancy. Escape from the window? Impossible. Marry the girl and then desert her? He told himself it would mean the exposure and the death of his popularity. What—what could he do? Money—a bribe? Of course, fool that he had been not to think of it before. He pulled himself resolutely together.

"Mr. Brendon," he said, sitting up, "will you please listen to me quietly? I have a suggestion to make."

The farmer silently assented.

"If—if I gave Ellen a small sum of money it might—er—help?" hazarded Aubrey.

"A small sum?" said the farmer.

"Well, £100; I call that very generous," said Aubrey, plucking up courage now that matters were being placed on a sound monetary footing.

To his dismay the farmer flew afresh into a violent rage.

"£100?" he roared. "£100 for my poor lass with a lady's education an' all? I suppose that's what you're in th'abit of offering, you blackguard, you. One hundred; by the Lord, I could smash you where you sit."

"How much do you want, then?" cried Aubrey desperately.

"Two thousand, an' not a penny less."

"I shan't pay it," said Aubrey.

"Then," said Brendon fiercely, "I'll kill you."

Aubrey had by this time got over the worst of his fright.

"And get hung for your pains," he said sarcastically.

The worthy farmer looked at him attentively, and realised that further physical bullying was useless. He decided to try the moral variety.

"That's true," he said; "I hadn't thought o' that, an' I'm not goin' to risk my skin for muck laike you. Still, I've heerd tell o' breach o' promise, and by all accounts, an action wouldn't be ower naice fur a gent in your place."

"You've no proofs," said Aubrey comfortably, reflecting that though he *had* written some foolish poems to the great admiration of Ellen, he had not been such a fool as to allow her to keep them. They were safe in his possession, and clearly the blustering farmer had no proof. He, however, seemed to think differently.

"No proofs?" he cried, roughly. "Don't make so sure, my gent. Yew should be more keerful what yew leaves in your pockets when ye have sent they smart cloes o' yourn down fur my misses to brush."

"What d'you mean?" said the other, sharply.

"Only a few bits o' writing dropped out of your pockets yesterday; it's poetry, I fancy."

"Come, I'll make it £500," said Aubrey, desperately.

"Two thousand," said the farmer, and then commenced clumsily to recite:

Sweet heather-bloom, who from my——

"Damn!" said Mr. Legrand, with conviction.

"Two thousand! I've heerd tell o' your salary, an' ye can well afford it. You may recollect this poem is headed 'To Ellen,' and is signed with your own name."

"Fool that I was," said Aubrey, with a dramatic groan.

"Hear, hear," said the farmer, and continued:

Sweet heather-bloom, who from my breast
My burning heart——

"Curse you for a Jew!" cried Legrand. "I'll make it a thousand, and that's all I've got. Actors aren't savers, you know."

"I believe you; we'll call it a bargain," said Brendon.

"Hand over all that twaddle of mine, then."

"When I get my cheque."

"My aunt! you're pretty smart for a Devonshire yokel," said Aubrey, coarsely.

"I started life in London," said Brendon. "Now for the cheque; and, mind, you don't leave here till I've cashed it to-morrow afternoon."

He clumped downstairs and returned with pen and ink. On his return, Aubrey reluctantly wrote out the cheque; and surely the moon, peeping through the blind, must have smiled as she saw the elegant figure, in green silk pyjamas, exchanging the fat cheque for half a dozen crumpled scraps of paper, which, after being carefully counted, were immediately consigned to the greedy candle-flame.

"And now," said Aubrey, as the last piece of paper dwindled to ashes in the flames, "clear out of my room."

The farmer, grinning in a curious manner, nodded good-night, and, shutting the door politely behind him, left Aubrey in peace.

But there was no peace for Aubrey. A horrible notion had come to him, and it held him rooted to the floor, while he listened with strained intensity to the farmer's noisy descent.

Clump, clump, clump, went the ponderous footsteps down the steep stairs; their owner reached the bottom, and Aubrey heard him cross to the kitchen door, the squeaky handle turned, and half a dozen words in the farmer's gruff tones were followed by a burst of merriment, of which the predominating note was Ellen's childish treble.

In the best bedroom above, one of London's most

(*Continued on page 330*)

Saved from the Ship-Breaker

From a photograph by the Marquis of Ailsa

THE MARQUIS OF AILSA'S FAMOUS OLD RACING CUTTER "BLOODHOUND"

This famous craft was originally built for the Marquis of Ailsa as far back as 1874. It was the intention of Mr. Thomas Dunlop, of Glasgow, who has owned her since 1902, to sell her, a short time back, in order to be broken up; but the Marquis of Ailsa, on hearing of the proposed fate of his old favourite, came to her rescue and bought her back

(*Continued from page 328*)

popular actors beat upon the fine old oak of the locked door and cried out in his rage:

"Had! I've been had! Plucked, done, by a lot of beastly yokels."

Turning round, he caught sight of his own face, foolish in its impotent rage, in the mirror which, but half an hour ago, had so faithfully ministered to his conceit. With an oath he swept the candle on to the floor, and leapt into his waiting bed.

But his bed gave him no rest that night, turn and wriggle as he might, for in his mind he could not get beyond the cold, hard fact, that he had been palpably plucked. He, Aubrey Legrand, professional lady-killer and man of the world, had fallen, like a callow youth into the rusty old trap of feigned innocence, set with the stale old bait of a pretty face and a confiding manner.

Gradually, however, as the dawn came filtering through the blinds, a calmer frame of mind came to him, and once more he saw in his fancy the old vision of the announcement of his engagement to the daughter of a peer of the realm. After all, to look at it philosophically, what difference would this unpleasant little episode make to him? Once he was in the train he could thrust it all behind him, and look gladly forward to the great city where there awaited him the popularity of a multitude and his bride of noble birth.

At eleven o'clock he awoke, and reflecting that as he could not leave till the afternoon and had no wish to show his face downstairs, he might as well remain in bed, he rang the bell for his breakfast to be brought up to him. In due time Mrs. Brendon appeared with the usual dainty breakfast and the customary London evening paper of the day before. Evidently she had no wish to kick a fallen man, and, with commendable tact, hastened to leave Aubrey to himself without any reference to the painful events of the preceding evening.

With every sip of his fragrant coffee and every bite at his hot toast, Aubrey's spirits revived, and had you seen him as he comfortably stretched out a lazy hand for his newspaper, you would never have guessed that his pride could have sustained so crushing a blow a few short hours before.

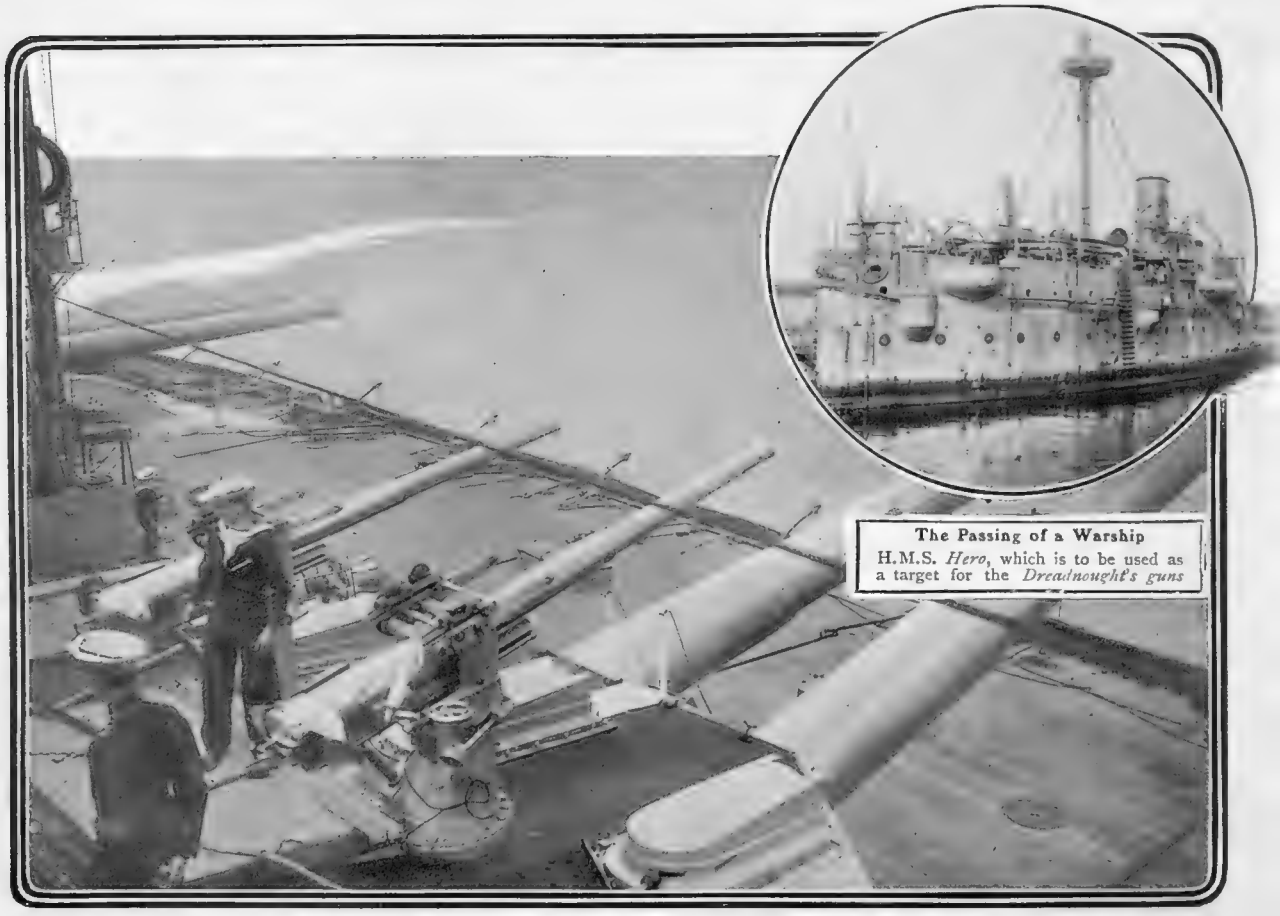
When Aubrey opened a London newspaper, he always turned first to that column which, according to its heading, chronicles the doings of those who circulate at Court. Aubrey loved to see set out, for the edification of the vulgar throng, the movements of those people whom he had so lately come to know personally through the agency of his intended wife.

Lazily he read how the Earl and Countess of Something had left Town for Something Castle, Somewhere, or how Lord Silk was staying at Marridge's Hotel on his way through London, and then, as his wandering eye moved further down the page, he sat up suddenly with a stifled exclamation as he read:

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Sedbergh Maynard Muntellis (late —th Lancers), etc., and the Hon. Helena Clarice Cecile Ripley, daughter of——"

But Aubrey could read no more, the world was black before his eyes. Fooled by one woman, played with by another, though he had fancied himself the admired lord of them both, where was his pride now? That pride was his very life.

He flung the paper savagely from him, and buried his face in the pillows. For a few minutes silence reigned in the apartment, then there came from the bed a sullen, choking sob. REGINALD RAYNER.

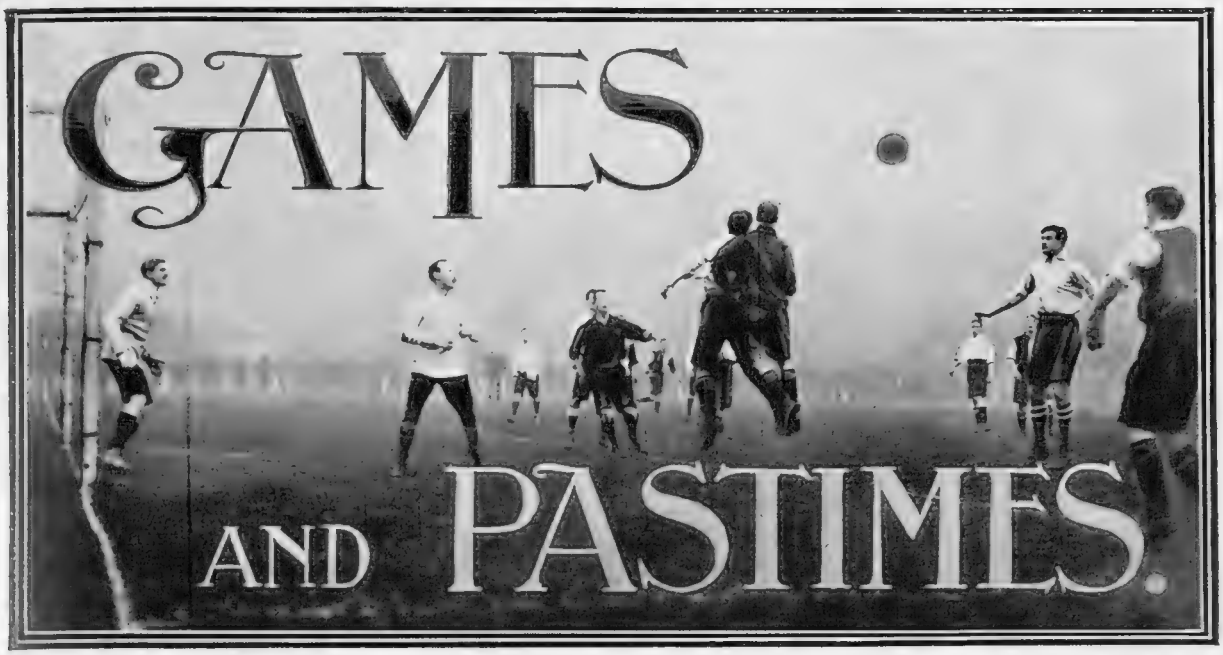


The Passing of a Warship
H.M.S. *Hero*, which is to be used as a target for the *Dreadnought's guns*

Photos] **A Mammoth Naval Murderer: The "Dreadnought" to batter the "Hero" to Death!** [*Cribb*

To end one's life as a target for a sister ship is a melancholy end, and one which is shortly to overtake the old battleship *Hero*, which is to serve as a target to the guns of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* (seen above). The ways of the Government are frequently past finding out, but the fact that the *Dreadnought* quietly stayed in dock during the recent manœuvres in the North Sea, even though the excellence of her shooting was admitted, is a matter which has called forth some comment in many quarters

GAMES AND PASTIMES.



Photo] **Cambridge University v. Southern Amateur League: A corner against the Leaguers** [*Muggeridge*

The match last Thursday at Tufnell Park between Cambridge University and a team of the newly formed Southern Amateur League was not productive of any very exciting play, the 'Varsity attack being somewhat spasmodic. The match resulted in a win to the League of 3 goals to 1

ATHLETICS

Freshmen of Promise

The man of mark in the Freshmen's Sports at Oxford last week was L. C. Hull, a Rhodes scholar from Michigan, who has recently gone up to B.N.C. He won the hundred, the quarter, the high jump, and the weight, besides being second in the long jump and the hurdles. His best performance was the quarter, which he ran in $52^{1}/_{5}$; but in the hundred, in which he is reputed to be equal to $10^{1}/_{5}$, he did no better than $10^{4}/_{5}$. However, in the final, he got a bad start and still won, without being pressed, by 3 yds., which possibly accounts for the slowness of the time. One of the best races was the mile, won by A. E. Cator (Bruton and Keble), with a dead-heat between J. F. Worsley (Winchester and Magdalen) and N. A. Macdonnell (Kingston, Canada, and Balliol) for second place. The outstanding feature of the first day of the Cambridge Freshmen's Sports (during which the performances were otherwise somewhat poor) was the winning high jump—5 ft. 5¼ in.—by A. C. Bellerby, of St. Lawrence's and Emmanuel. At the moment of writing the second day's racing is still a coming event.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Late Miss C. Meyer

Whose early death has occasioned deep regret in the lawn tennis world. She was a leading player at Surbiton, and competed in most of the principal tournaments

HOCKEY

Saturday's Chief Games

The three leading clubs, Staines, Hampstead, and Southgate, all scored wins on Saturday. Hampstead beat East Sheen 4—2, and Southgate beat Bromley 5—2, but the Hawks pressed Staines hard and only lost by a goal to nil. Blackheath, who are also very strong this year, and supply five or six men to the all-conquering Kent team, beat Beckenham 4—2, and Kingston Hill gave further evidence of progressiveness by a 6—0 victory over Richmond. Surbiton were rather badly beaten by Teddington (5—1). They have been described as a team of veterans, and it certainly looks as if a sprinkling of younger and faster men might be tried—if they are to be got. Both the 'Varsities did well. Cambridge ran up 11 goals against Mid-Surrey's 2, and Oxford took 6 off the United Services team. Oxford have found a very useful centre-half in M. A. Matthew, of Exeter, and if he is equal to filling this important position, J. Y. Robinson, the International, may be able to take his proper place on the wing.

YACHTING

Life in the Old Hound Yet

The re-purchase, by the Marquis of Ailsa, of his still famous old cutter, *Bloodhound*, in order to save her, for the time being, from the tender mercies of the ship-breaker, has furnished a striking illustration of the affection which the true yachtsman retains for a boat which has given him good sport in her time. Built as far back as the year 1874, to the design of Wm. Fife, Senr., for the Marquis of Ailsa, she was for six successive seasons top, or thereabouts, of the "forties," her best years being 1875, 1876, and 1879. In 1879 she won sixteen prizes of an aggregate value of £680, and in the whole six years under her noble owner's flag she won in all seventy-two

prizes of an aggregate value of about £2,500. She succeeded the *Foxhound* (built in 1870), and was in her turn succeeded by the *Sleuth-hound*, in 1881, when her career as a "class" racer came to an end. But besides being the most successful of the three "Hounds" in class races, she has also had a long and honourable career as a handicap racer. In 1902 she became the property of Mr. Thomas Dunlop, of Glasgow, and from that date until the close of this last season she has raced pretty regularly in handicap matches, and has won no fewer than thirty-three prizes. The season of 1907 would have been her last, for Mr. Dunlop had actually sold her to be broken up, when her original owner intervened and bought her back into his possession. I am told that she is still as sound as a bell, and is to be fitted out next season. Whether she races or not, and, if she races, whether she wins or not, she will always be an imposing figure in any company, by reason of her age (as yachts go) and brilliant record, as well as a memorable example of a sailor's love for his old ship.

Middlesex Get the Ball

The Opening Bully

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Exaltation of Oxford

The achievement of the Oxford Rugger fifteen in beating the United Services by 23 points to 9 has set everybody talking. On the strength of it there are some who are bold enough to prophecy for this team the undying fame of Vassall's great team of the early 'eighties—possibly because it happens to contain a nephew of the epoch-maker of that name. Some of these prophets were being wheeled about in their perambulators when Vassall and his men were making history. I wasn't. I was trying very hard to get a scholarship at Oxford, and in my spare time devoting a good deal of attention to Oxford's doings in the world of sport. The fact that I ultimately achieved my main object must be my excuse for rejoicing, as an Oxford man, over these optimistic views, even if I am not altogether prepared to share in them. It must not be forgotten that this particular game was rather a funny one. The Services scored their 9 points in the first half, and then Oxford put on their 23 in the second, with about ten minutes to spare. The inference to my mind is that Oxford are capable of making the most of opportunities that come their way, but that they are not yet capable of creating them themselves. They need something to set them going, and, whatever it is, they are not really formidable until they have got it. Still a team which is capable of making the most of its opportunities must always be labelled "dangerous," and is always likely to develop into a side capable of creating opportunities almost at will, which is the hall-mark of a really strong fifteen. With a team that has beaten the United Services, and a full month still to run before the 'Varsity match, Hoskin is entitled to feel that, bar casualties, his task of bringing his men to a state of real efficiency should not be a difficult one, and may result in the production of something quite out of the common, if not of a second Vassall's team.

Photos *Dixon*

A Keen Struggle for the Ball

The hockey match at Beckenham last week between Kent and Middlesex resulted in a win for Kent by 3 goals to 1

KENT v. MIDDLESEX AT BECKENHAM

THE WEATHER

From November 13th to 19th, 1907

By Hugh Clements

The prevalent atmospheric conditions on the 14th will cause the barometer to fall on that day, with some rain. After the 14th, the barometer will go up, with finer weather on the 15th; but, immediately after, there will be a renewed depression, with slight rain, which will continue up to the 17th, causing slight rain on that day also.

On the latter part of the 17th and the early part of the 18th the barometer will rise, but will fall on the 18th and 19th, causing unsettled weather, with probable rain. Round the 14th and 17th the atmosphere will be most disturbed over North England and Scotland.

It will be windy on the 14th, 18th, and 19th.

Owing to the almost continued unsettlement, the weather will be mild during the week, with rain on the 14th and 19th, slight rain on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, and finer weather on the 13th and 15th.

HEAL & SON'S

Reproductions of
ANTIQUE TOILET WARES.

SPODE'S "BUTTERFLY,"
27s. per set.
This design can only be bought from Heal & Son.
Write for Booklet No. 129, with
Fifty Photographs and Prices to
196 etc., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

Drayhill Ltd OF OXFORD STREET.

Stand No. 253.
OLYMPIA MOTOR EXHIBITION.

Tweed Coat, Lined Fur, Opossum Collar,
£6 : 6 : 0
A large selection of Newest Motoring Garments will be on view at STAND 253.

THE
THEMODIST

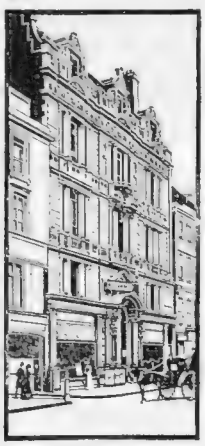
You are invited to call and see the Themodist, the new accenting device in the Pianola Piano.

THE THEMODIST is a patented device belonging to the Orchestrelle Company, and is only to be had in the Pianola and Pianola Piano.

It accents the theme of melody notes of a composition, no matter how difficult or intricate it may be.

> It is practically equivalent to providing a novice with the "touch" of a great pianist; the ability to so control the key-striking as to give particular notes just the emphasis desired, and to subdue the accompaniment to whatever degree the nature of the composition requires.

The Pianola Piano is the perfect piano, the instrument that possesses real musical interest for everyone. To a piano which can be played by hand in the ordinary way are added the Pianola, which is the only artistic means whereby anyone can play by means of music rolls; the Metrostyle which guides one to the correct interpretation of unfamiliar compositions and enables one to play them as they have been rendered by Paderewski, or Grieg, or Strauss, or other equally famous musicians; and the Themodist, which gives the proper accent to the melody notes.



ÆOLIAN HALL is the only place in London where you can buy the Pianola Piano.

No other instrument offers so many advantages; for the Pianola, the Metrostyle, and the Themodist are exclusive to the Pianola Piano.

Even if you do not at present contemplate purchasing, it would interest you to investigate what is the best value in musical instruments offered to the public to-day.

If you are unable to call please write for Catalogue "B."

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

CONTINENTAL NON-SKID

(STEEL-ARMOURED)

IMPROVED PATTERN

1908.

ON VIEW OLYMPIA NOV. 11 to 23.

STAND No. 263.

54

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

The above is the number of the Daimler Stand, which will be found in the

CENTRE OF THE EXHIBITION.

This coincides with the fact that Daimlers, being the Champion Hill-Climbers, and the Representative British Cars, should necessarily occupy

THE HUB OF THE SHOW.

LOWEST PRICE PER H.P. OF ANY HIGH-CLASS CAR.
(Vide Press.)

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 06-08, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

REO CARS

NOT EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA

BUT AT OUR OWN SHOWROOMS—

BROAD SANCTUARY,

WESTMINSTER, S.W.

ASK FOR A CAR TO MEET YOU.

Ring up 59 Westminster.

Telegraph "JELAMCO," London.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.

8 h.p. Four Seats Complete, **£165**

18 h.p. Five Seats Complete, **£300**

18 h.p. Landaulettes From **£360**

LAMBIE & SHARP,
Directors.

REO MOTORS, Ltd.,
Broad Sanctuary,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W

THE OLYMPIA SHOW

SECOND NOTICE

ANOTHER LOOK ROUND

In the very comprehensive forecast of the principal novelties which characterise the current exhibition at Olympia, given in the Special Motor Supplement issued by THE BYSTANDER last week, full justice was done to the leading features of the great Show, as well as to the chief exhibits there to be seen.

It was pointed out that the main tendencies evinced by the leading manufacturers at home and abroad lie in the direction of the elimination of freak cars, hitherto sold at fancy prices, the perfection of pleasure vehicles of first-rate design and workmanship at reasonable rates, and the adoption of the multiple or six-cylinder principle in engine construction.

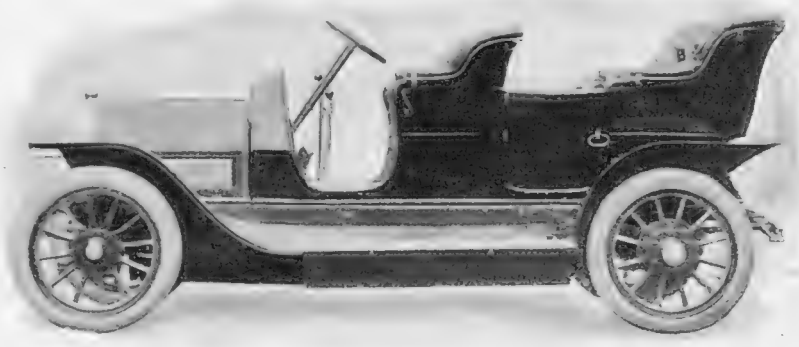
Although, however, THE BYSTANDER was able to review some seventy odd stands, with their multifarious types of motor vehicles, opportunity has since been afforded for extending the work of review, because, as was explained at the time, when our issue of November 6 went to press, several exhibitors were not then in a position to say exactly what their specialities for the opening day — November 11 — would be.

Humber Developments

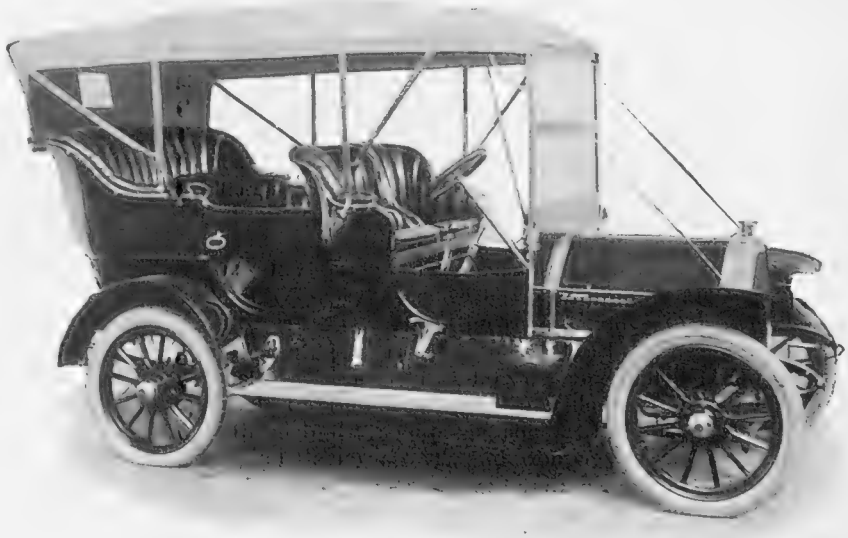
First of all, perhaps, the great home manufacturing firm of Humber, of Beeston and Coventry, commands attention. The Humber stand, owing to the exigencies of the ballot for places, is in the Annexe—No. 165—the first on the extreme right entering from the main hall, but its situation is not altogether a drawback, inasmuch as the splendid display made by these well-known and popular cars recalls the story of the Whale among the Whitebait. First to claim attention, naturally, is the 20 h.-p. Beeston-Humber Tourist Trophy standard model, introduced this year to meet the great demand for a car which combined strength, speed, reliability, and power with moderate price and economy in upkeep. The wheel-base—9 ft. 3 in.—is the same length as that of the 30 h.-p. Beeston-Humber of 1907, but the track—4 ft. 8in.—is two inches wider, thus giving greater turning space and stability points, which make, of course, for increase of safety when curves and corners have to be negotiated. Another Humber characteristic is the slow-running engine, the normal speed being only about 900 r.p.m. to give the full power. That the Humber designers believe in length of stroke is shown by the fact that the cylinders have a bore of 105 mm. to a stroke of 130 mm. All Humber cars are now fitted with brakes operated by rods, and with four speeds forward and reverse there is direct drive on top. Ball-bearings are applied to front and back wheels, the driving and bevel pinion shafts being similarly furnished in order to ensure perfect smoothness in running. With their long experience in the cycle trade, the Humber people may claim

6 H.-P. DE DION, genuine throughout, 3 speeds and reverse, hood, shield, and dickie seat, £175; 9 H.-P. CADILLAC, two-seated, with hood, £100.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.



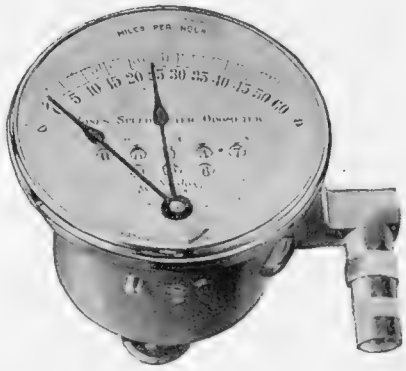
New 20 h.-p. Beeston-Humber "T.T." Model



New 30 h.-p. Coventry-Humber, for Winter use

Du Cros Mercédès and Accessories

to know as much as any other manufacturing firm in the world on the question of ball-bearings, and the knowledge and experience gained during the last twenty-five years have been concentrated upon the production of sound and thoroughly reliable automobiles. Although a detailed description of this car would read like that of a lordly and luxurious motor for millionaires, its price complete is but £425. In the case of the 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Coventry-Humber, the makers have departed from their heretofore followed plan of singly cast cylinders and have adopted the dual casting in order to save space. The engine is of 4 in. bore by 4½ in. stroke, is supplied with forced lubrication, and there is dual ignition. The price of this car is fixed at £450. Like other leading firms in the motor industry, Messrs. Humber recognise the importance of the motor-cab, and the models they have already put on the market have received high encomiums from many influential quarters, as well as having gained the approval of the officials at Scotland Yard, so that it is highly probable that in the near future a large number of these indispensable vehicles will be put forward by this well-known firm.

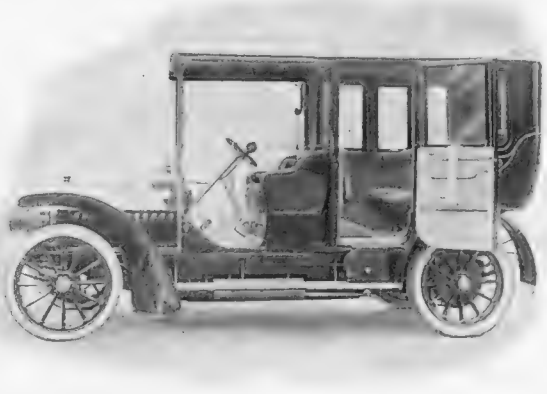


Jones New Speedometer

The most effective appliance for defeating police-traps

Du Cros Mercédès. Stand No. 46

Well placed, but what may be termed half a knight's move from the spot-centre of the main hall, Messrs. Du Cros Mercédès show the latest productions of the famous Cannstadt firm. These include a 75 h.-p. six-cylinder car of exceptionally handsome design and finish. The coach-work, by Messrs. Lawton, is a new design in Pullman limousine construction, painted primrose with black lines, and upholstered with grey corded cloth. This car, which has seating accommodation for seven persons, is, perhaps, the most magnificent specimen of the self-propelled vehicle in the whole exhibition. A 45 h.-p. Roi de Belge, a 20-25 h.-p. landaulette, and a 35 h.-p. limousine, together with a 45 h.-p. show chassis, complete this firm's noteworthy exhibit.



Stand 46. 45 h.-p. Mercédès, with Limousine Body

Accessories and Etceteras

In the phenomenally rapid growth which has marked the development of the automobile movement, the thousand and one "extras" which are commonly associated with the term "accessories" have perforce claimed a large share of attention at the hands of manufacturers and the buying public. The spacious galleries at Olympia, where these adjuncts are to be seen, might well — did space restrictions permit — provide material for many scores of columns of detailed description. Tyres, lamps, speed-gauges, garments, goggles, tools, and repair outfits of every conceivable kind, furnish an object-lesson of the greatest interest to every student of the extension of the great motor industry. A few illustrations only can, however, be given at this time.

The Dunlop Detachable Rim

Many motorists contend that so important to success are good strong tyres, that, for all practical purposes, they should be regarded as an integral part of the car. Be that as it may, the Dunlop Company have laid themselves out to provide the very best wear and weather resisting pneumatic that art and science combined can produce. As, however, punctures will penetrate even through the finest of fabrics, the Dunlop people this year exhibit a patent detachable rim which can be manipulated by the merest tyro—no pun intended—in something under fifteen seconds. Practical demonstrations to this effect are given all day on the Dunlop stand, and should be witnessed by all practical motorists.

Elastes Exhibits

Specimens of this gelatinous compound, which renders ordinary pneumatics puncture proof, are shown in up-to-date form by the Elastes Company, of 79-80, York Street, Westminster. Elastes may be said to have given its proofs against punctures, wilful and accidental, and exactly why its exponents should add to their exhibits a detachable rim of new and unique design is somewhat hard to say. Bystander readers, however, will find this stand well worth a visit.

Humber Cars.

"BETTER EVERY TIME."

"Morley's Hotel,
"Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.
"*October 15th, 1907.*

"You may be interested to hear that the 30 h.p. Beeston Humber, purchased this year, has proved a great success. She is the third Beeston Humber I have had, and they get better every time. She has run over 7,000 miles, and we have not been delayed on the road more than an hour in all, and I need not say that in point of smoothness and power she is all that can be desired.

"We frequently do the run from London to Bexhill without change of gear, and she climbed Llanberis Pass easily on top speed, with four up and a quantity of luggage.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) DUDLEY JAMES."

PRICES FROM
£235
Free Trials Arranged.

Humber Limited
Beeston (Notts) and Coventry.

DEPOTS:
London—Holborn Circus, E.C.; 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.
Manchester—33, Blackfriars Street. Liverpool—27-33, Leece Street.
Nottingham—Castle Boulevard and Grey Friar Gate.
Birmingham—280, Broad Street. Southampton—27, London Road.

DECAUVILLE

"Harlow Grange, Harrogate.
"September 2, 1907.

"H. M. HOBSON, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"I have been making some further tests with my car and reduced the flow of spirits still further with better strength of gas and stronger explosions. I tested here a few days since to Richmond and back, via Borough Bridge, where the hills were less steep and where we could run on top speed most of the time. She did the 85 miles on exactly 4½ gallons; this is nineteen miles to the gallon. I thought this might interest you. I have found no hills that I could not go up at twelve to twenty miles speed per hour on my 16-20 h.p. DECAUVILLE landaulette.

"(Signed) J. LORILLARD."

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd.,
29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

OLYMPIA—Stand No. 86.

SPENCER MOULTON

PERFECTION IN TYRES.

Before ordering your Tyres or making any arrangements for 1908 you should visit the

STAND OF

Messrs. GEO. SPENCER MOULTON & CO.,

No. 278, at Olympia.

On it will be shown the very latest example of what brains and science, coupled with fifty years' experience of the treatment of pure rubber, in all its forms, can produce.

At their works, Kingston Mills, in Wiltshire, each Tyre will be built under the very closest scrutiny. Every part of the material used in construction will be of the finest possible quality, selected only after the most severe testing; and in thus using only the very best substance and workmanship, they are confident that Spencer Moulton's Tyres will reach the acme of perfection for reliability and lasting powers.

Price list ready early in 1908.

Please call at our **STAND 278 AT OLYMPIA** (Telephone: 3452 Kensington) for a copy of our Illustrated Booklet, or write to

GEO. SPENCER MOULTON & CO., Ltd.,
77, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Telephone: 658 Bank.
Telegrams: "George Spencer, London."

Produced by an Engineering Firm
OF
WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

THE
THAMES
MOTOR CARRIAGES

SHOULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED ON

STAND 22
AT OLYMPIA.

A 50 h.p. Six-cylinder "THAMES" with Limousine body,

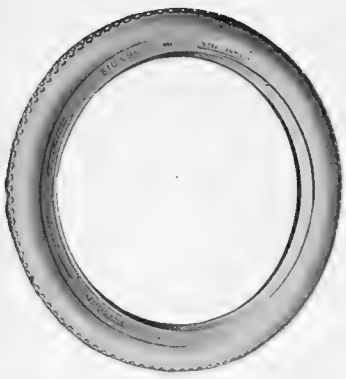
A 15 h.p. Two-cylinder "THAMES" private service Landaulette,

And many other interesting exhibits, will be shown by

W. T. CLIFFORD-EARP, Ltd.,
74, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Cliffordly, London." Telephone: 14058 Central.

Tyres and Detachable Rims



The Outer Cover of the Well-known Avon Tyre

The Moseley Detachable Tyre

On Stand 282, Messrs. David Moseley and Sons show their detachable tyre, which is one of the simplest and, at the same time, most effective contrivances on the market. With the aid of a tommie-pin, the size of a lead pencil, the tyre can be removed and replaced in about three minutes, no security bolts being required. All Moseley tyres are guaranteed for three thousand miles.

The Celebrated Continentals

Motor tyres in three different patterns, round tread, square tread, and red rubber, steel armoured non-skids are the main features of the Continental exhibit, but adherents of the motor omnibus should not fail to inspect a gigantic non-skid pneumatic, 1,035 by 165, designed for that class of vehicle. It is one of the largest tyres ever made. The Continental Art Gallery of well-known racing motorists will also prove of much interest.

Another Richmond in the Field

The advent of Messrs. George Spencer Moulton and Co., of Bradford-on-Avon, into the motor tyre manufacturing industry, is of interest, because of the firm's long and highly successful connection with the rubber trade. Messrs. Spencer Moulton have, for over fifty years, made a study of the mechanical application of india-rubber for railway use, their buffers, draw and bearing springs for rolling stock being known and appreciated the world over. The firm has laid down extensive plant to deal with efficient tyre manufacture at their mills at Bradford-on-Avon.

Some Sartorial Stands

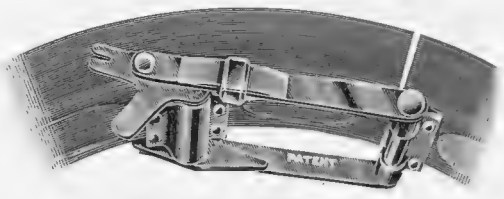
Proper clothing is of as much importance to the automobilist as a good car, for, as the Irish bishop inquired, "What's the use to ye of a car that can travel 200 miles an hour over the ground when its owner lies under it?" With such a versatile climate as ours one should be prepared for every variety of weather. At

Gamages, Stand No. 203

their excellent "Motura" coats, with detachable leather linings, may be seen, while ladies will be interested in the reversible coats, which can be worn with tweed or leather outermost according to weather requirements. The celebrated firm of

Robinson and Cleaver

of 166, Regent Street, who are warrant-holders to King Edward and the King of Spain, are



Dunlop Patent Detachable Rim
Which can be removed and replaced in 10 sec.

making a specialty of high-class motor clothing for ladies and gentlemen, and on their stand are to be seen some beautifully designed Royal Ulster Duffle Frieze ulsters, woven by the firm's own weavers at Belfast. These garments are particularly pleasing in appearance, and are very moderate in price, which is about four guineas, or, with special detachable leather lining, seven guineas. They have only to be seen to be greatly admired of all beholders.

Shoolbred's Scotch Wool Wear

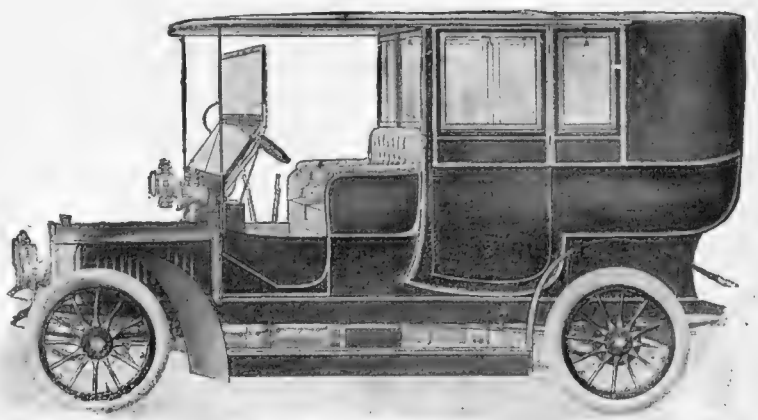
The famous Tottenham Court Road people are drawing special attention to their Scotch wool motor waistcoats, which, at the small price of 22*s.* 6*d.* with sleeves, and 17*s.* 6*d.* sleeveless, are invaluable for those who motor only occasionally and for comparatively short distances. The same firm's Scotch wool motor scarves, in a variety of colours must also be highly commended.

Ware Police-Traps

Only those who have experienced the annoyance occasioned by police interference—too often absolutely unwarranted—can adequately appreciate the benefit of carrying a reliable speed indicator on the car. To these the Jones Speedometer has many a time and oft proved itself a friend in need. Your average country policeman is an arrogant and bumptious person, apt to believe with childlike faith in the infallibility of his tin watch, and his skill in time taking, but it is wonderful what an effect the sight of a Jones Speedometer, on the dash, often creates in the bucolic mind. The latest improvement in speedometers, the Jones, with maximum speed-hand, is illustrated in this number of The Bystander.

Douglas Miller.

THE KAISER'S VISIT
(FULLY ILLUSTRATED)
SEE THIS WEEK'S
GRAPHIC.

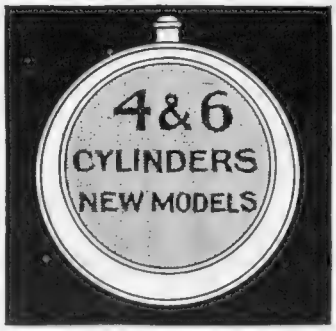


Stand 100. Elegant Coachwork by Morgan, on an Adler Chassis

AUTOMOBILES

Delaunay Belleville

1908 MODELS.



15 h.p. 4 cylinder,	£480	15 h.p. 6 cylinder,	£540
20 „ 4 „	£600	28 „ 4 „	£680
40 „ 4 „	£840	40 „ 6 „	£960

STANDS 57 and 130

OLYMPIA EXHIBITION.

Trial Runs, Specifications, etc.

BURLINGTON CARRIAGE Co., Ltd.,

315-317, Oxford Street, London, W.

THE GEM OF OLYMPIA!

BE SURE TO INSPECT

STAND 95 STAND 95

THE BRITISH-BUILT

LORRAINE DIETRICH

NEW

20-30 H.P. LIVE AXLE.

VISITORS CORDIALLY WELCOMED.

OTHER DE DIETRICH MODELS:

14-18 h.p. Four Cylinders.	40-50 h.p. Four Cylinders.
18-28 h.p. Four Cylinders.	60-80 h.p. Four Cylinders.
28-38 h.p. Four Cylinders.	70-80 h.p. Six Cylinders.

STAND 61.

Sole English Concessionnaires—

CHARLES JARROTT & LETTS, LTD.,

45, Great Marlborough St., London, W.

Telephone—Nos. 2362 and 1585 Gerrard.
Telegrams—"Jemidar, London."

Authorised Agents for Scotland—Messrs. JOHN CROALL & SONS, Ltd., 126, George St., Edinburgh. WORKS: BIRMINGHAM.

DUHANOT

CARS.

What "The Daily Telegraph" says, Oct. 19th, 1907:—

"There has been a distinct improvement in the lower-powered cars this past season. They have been quieter in the running of the engine, had more reserve power available for hill climbing, and have generally been better constructed. Take the 12 h.p. Duhanot, now marketed by The Car Supply Company, Ltd., for example. This little four-cylinder engine held its own with all the high-powered cars on the road to Weybridge last Saturday, carrying its four passengers up most of the hills encountered on its top gear, and was as silent as could be desired. It is cars of this type that will be the popular car for general use, as their running expenses are low, they can carry a reasonable load, and can move quite fast enough for ordinary touring purposes."

Unable to obtain space at OLYMPIA, but shall be pleased to place a car at your disposal for Trial purposes.

TRIAL CAR AT OLYMPIA MAIN ENTRANCE.

CHASSIS PRICES.		PRICES WITH STANDARD TOURING BODIES.	
12 H.P., £290.	22 H.P., £490.	12 H.P., £360.	22 H.P., £600.
15 H.P., £360.	35 H.P., £650.	15 H.P., £450.	35 H.P., £775.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: THE CAR SUPPLY CO., LTD., 34, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

Telephone: 494 Kensington. Telegrams: "Duhanot, London."

By Appointment

To H.M. The Queen.

Olympia Show—Stand No. 66

SIDDELEY AUTOCARS

THE MOST DESIRABLE CAR

New Catalogue Post Free on Application

THE WOLSELEY TOOL AND MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
York Street, Westminster; and at 76, Deansgate, Manchester

HUTCHINSON

—TYRES—

UNSURPASSED FOR MATERIAL AND WEAR. The same price to start, but cheapest in the long run. Inspect them at Stand 269 Gallery, OLYMPIA SHOW.

HUTCHINSON TYRE CO.,

13, MADDOX STREET, W.

The 16-20 h.-p. Four-cylinder, Side-entrance Body, Clyde. (Price £315)

In the Annexe at Olympia visitors should not omit to inspect Stand 149, where Messrs. Wait and Co., of Leicester, are showing three Clyde cars. For a medical man, or anyone wanting a small but fast car, I would particularly draw attention to the 8-10 h.-p. twin-cylindered two-seater. This car is remarkably silent, flexible, and free from vibration, while it is fitted with full-sized side doors, to add to the comfort of the passengers. The most important feature of this car is that the engine can be started from the driver's seat, almost a necessity to doctors, who must not engage in any severe task while calling on their patients. A detachable under-shield is fitted to this car. One should also note the system of transmission (Wait's patent), which allows all gears to be in mesh, and has no sliding teeth to forward gears. It gives a direct drive on each speed. In addition to the two-cylinder, Messrs. Wait are staging a 12-14 h.-p. three-cylinder light car to carry four persons, price £260, and a 16-20 h.-p. four-cylinder car, side-entrance body, price £315 complete.

Other exhibits in the Annexe not included in our last Supplement are the Scout Cars, shown at Stand 135, among them being a 12 h.-p. two-cylinder side-entrance tonneau, price £310, one of the few two-cylinders that are being shown in these days.

Owing to the short space of time at our disposal with our last week's Motor Supplement, one or two slight discrepancies occurred, which we would like to take the opportunity of putting right. In the paragraph regarding Messrs. Morgan and Co., at Stand 100, in two cases Adler was spelt "Adela." Of course, the Adler car is well known, and our readers will have noticed the inaccuracy. The picture of the Duhanot car we gave as a 22 h.-p., price £490, should have been entitled a 12 h.-p. car, complete, with side-entrance body, price £360. On the front cover, the Humber car advertisement showed a 10-12 h.-p. Coventry Humber and a 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber with the wrong entitlement under each.

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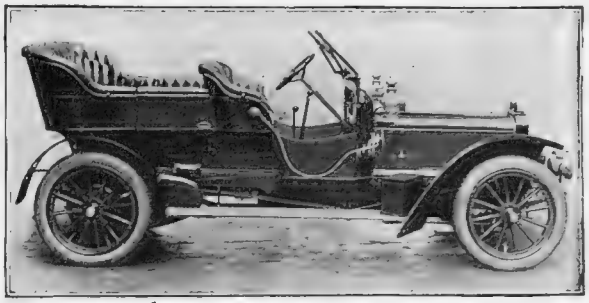

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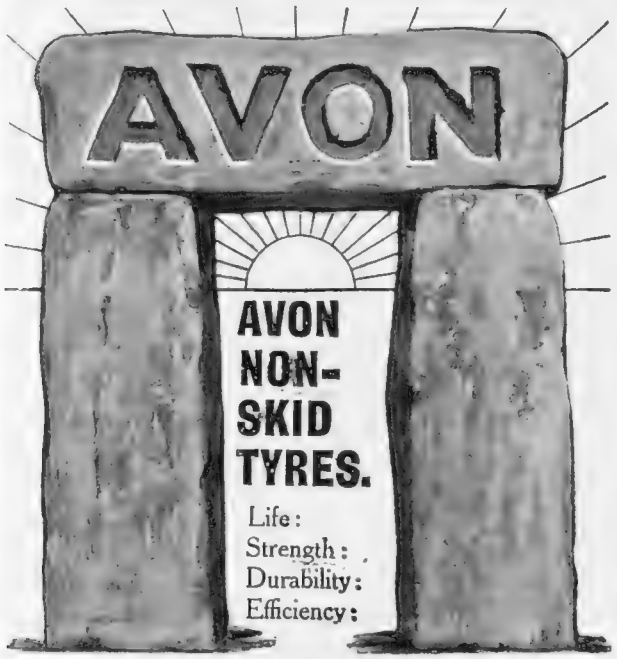

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"The Life of Tom Morris."
By W. W. Tulloch, D.D.

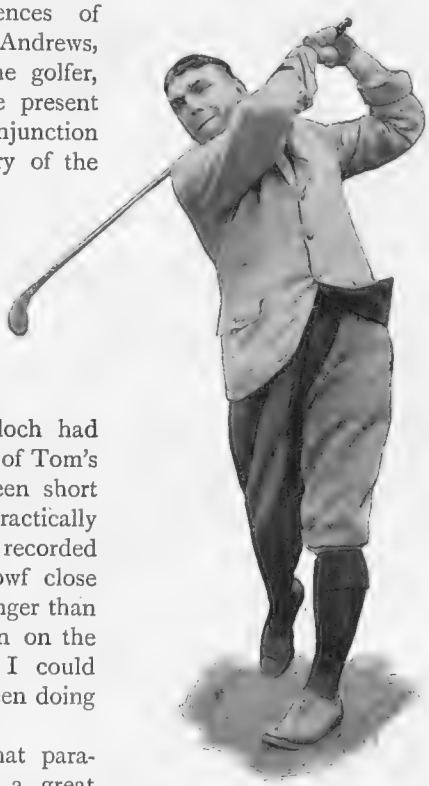
(*London: Werner Laurie*, 10*s.* 6*d. net*)

It is fitting that, while still at St. Andrews, I should review the lately published life of the Grand Old Man of Golf; St. Andrews, where he was born, and where he has passed the best years of his long life; St. Andrews, where, from my window, I can still see him each day take that short morning walk which is all that is left to him of the sturdy activities of bygone days.

No better biographer of dear old Tom could possibly have been selected than Dr. W. W. Tulloch, who knows St. Andrews, modern and ancient, as few of us know it, and who has all his life taken an affectionate interest in all that pertains to the old city, and more particularly to the doings of old Tom.

Dr. Tulloch has not confined himself solely to the life of Tom Morris, but has added a great many interesting reminiscences of the famous figures of St. Andrews, golfers and inhabitants. The golfer, therefore, who purchases the present work, and studies it in conjunction with Mr. Everard's "History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club," will find a rich store of information bearing on the habits and customs of our golfing forefathers during the past century.

The Grand Old Man of Golf
Tom Morris, of St. Andrews, whose "Life," by Dr. W. W. Tulloch (Werner Laurie), is reviewed on this page



The Late Mr. Clifford Lingen
This popular and promising Sunningdale player, whose early death occurred last week, contested the final of the Amateur Championship with Mr. Robb, the ultimate winner last year

A Life of Golf

For, after all, if Dr. Tulloch had merely kept to the main facts of Tom's life, the story would have been short and simple. His life is practically epitomised in his own saying, recorded on page 29, "I've played gowf close on eighty years, and that's longer than most folk get living. I began on the links doon there as soon as I could handle a club, and I have been doing little else ever since."

Within the confines of that paragraph you have the life of a great golfer and a great gentleman, for if ever nature formed a true gentleman she did so when she created Tom Morris.

In this volume are recounted all the great deeds and matches which have made Tom famous all over the world. Tom in himself is a living history of the latter-day evolution of golf. He began with the feather ball and the rather clumsy clubs of the beginning of last century, he matured with the gutty ball, and he has lived to play with the present rubber-cored ball and the latest shaped clubs. In the golfing world he occupies the same position as the late Mr. Gladstone did in the political world. He is a link between old and new, and has retired from active participation in golf while still in possession of all his faculties, and can watch from the serene heights of his eighty-six years the strivings and thrivings of the younger generation.

A Classic Player

My first acquaintance with Tom dates back to the year 1876, so that I can claim a friendship of over thirty years' standing with the dear old man. During all those years I have never seen Tom out of temper, or in the slightest degree varying from that uniform standard of courtesy and kindliness which has endeared him to all who have had the privilege of knowing him. I was too late to know his famous son, "Young Tommy," who had been cut off in his golfing prime the previous year, but I took my first lessons in the game, under the auspices of old Tom, from his son "Jimmy," a gallant figure in the golfing world of the early eighties, who died so recently as 1906, though he had long retired from active participation in the game. Many a game during those thirty years have I had with Tom, in the course of which I had full opportunity of studying the beautiful and reposeful style of the old man, the very essence of a classical golfer. Only a few days before writing these lines I had a "crack" with the veteran in his famous old shop, and found him still waiting for a sight of the work which I am now reviewing. He is, I rejoice to say, still full of life, and enjoying a happy and peaceful old age.

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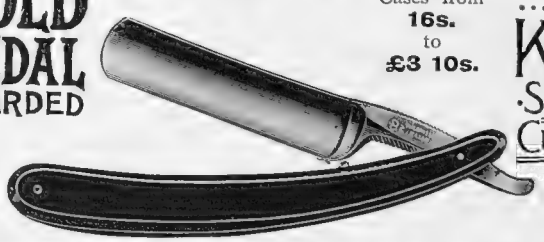

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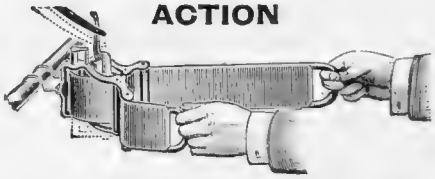

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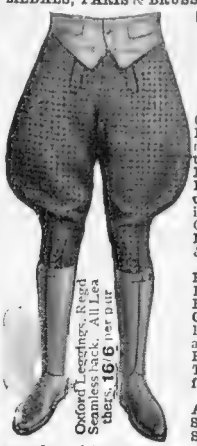

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The House of Lynch." By Leonard Merrick. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"Cynthia in the Wilderness." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6*s.*)

"The Philosophy of Common Sense"

When it was announced that Mr. Frederic Harrison had in the press a book entitled *The Philosophy of Common Sense* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a titter went round metaphysical circles. It was generally supposed that here there would be yet another attempt to place before the plain man the truths of philosophy in a language he could understand; and a man who endeavours to do that is always regarded by the elect as a bit of a joke. The book is now out, and I am glad to see that my metaphysical friends have the laugh against them. Mr. Harrison's game is now disclosed to be nothing of the kind. Anybody who thought one of his erudition was going to have any traffic with anything that might be comprehensible to the man in the street, was absurdly mistaken. They find, instead, a treatise as profoundly inexplicable and as inexplicably profound as the best of them would have written themselves. There is nothing "downright" in it. Though gracefully written, this is a serious book, designed to appeal to the greyest of philosophical students. Incidentally, there is an interesting chapter on "Mr. A. Balfour's Foundations of Belief." No doubt, the politically minded will be curious to know how the statesman is received by the philosophers on their own ground. On p. 324 they will see. He is there called—

> A graceful and candid critic, whose strength is given to statesmanship and not to philosophy.

Now, the politicians on both sides accredit Mr. Balfour's strength to philosophy and not to statesmanship. Whenever shall we know the truth about him?

Photo *Oliver*

A Literary Mystery Solved: Mr. Hubert Wales

Whether the author of those two much-discussed novels, "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" and "The Yoke," is of the masculine or feminine gender is now definitely set at rest. "Hubert Wales" is as depicted above. His third novel, "Cynthia in the Wilderness," is reviewed on this page

The Short-Story Writer as Novelist

It is always a debatable point whether it is possible for a writer with the short-story genius to excel as a novelist. The secret of his success being his power to present situations, to suggest character in snips of dialogue, in lines of terse description, he is, as it is the barest platitude to point out, but the miniature painter of fiction. His talent cannot, and should not, expand to the large canvas. Should he attempt it, the result will approximate rather to the wall-paper than the picture—it will be an extensive multiplication of units rather than a unit of itself. Mr. Leonard Merrick's new novel scarcely affords an argument to the contrary. His short-story touch is apparent throughout *The House of Lynch* (Hodder: 6*s.*) which is, in reality, a short-story plot enacted by short-story characters. Thanks to Mr. Merrick's well-known swiftness of portrayal, you know, as in a short story you should know, all about the leading characters almost as soon as they are introduced. You fix the American millionaire, Mr. Lynch, who has built up his fortune by the familiar Wall Street methods. You know his innermost soul as soon as you meet him, and hear his rough American talk. His daughter, in love with the poor young English artist, who has herself proposed to him—you know her. She is the stock-pot "American girl." *And* the artist. He, too, leaves little to be learned about himself after Chapters I. and II. He is the quixotic ass of the same stockpot, who marries only on condition that she lives on *his* and not on her income. True, you follow the career of the young people in London's flat-land with amused interest, especially the incongruous situation of the heiress trying to make both ends meet, and, of course, Mr. Merrick's evolution of the story is delightful enough. But his genius is for the short story.

A Story of Woman in Revolt

Mr. Hubert Wales has, during his brief career as a novelist, contrived, at all events, to attract attention. However the Puritan mind may have regarded "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" and "The Yoke," which entered somewhat realistically into questions not often openly discussed, there is no doubt as to the piquancy of the novelist's point of view, and his entertaining narrative methods. His new book, *Cynthia in the Wilderness* (Long: 6*s.*), is, as it were, the counterpart of "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers." In that book we had the husband in revolt against the unresponsive wife. In *Cynthia* we have the exact converse—the wife in revolt against the husband who can muster, for her, no stronger kind of passion than "distant reverence," though he is generous enough of his *amours* with others. *Cynthia* has amusing parts. In Elwes, the dissolute and conceited husband, we have a realistic portrait of a type of man, alas, too well known to suffering womanhood. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Wales has thought it necessary, for the illustration of his point, to convert Cynthia, once she has "yielded her lips" to the other man—Laurence Cheyne—into so deplorably vicious and clumsy an intriguer. Abandoning herself, as she does, to the dictates of an illicit passion, she places herself on a moral level with the husband she originally despised. Mr. Wales's theme would have lost none of its piquancy if he had selected as his heroine a woman possessed of a little more conscience.

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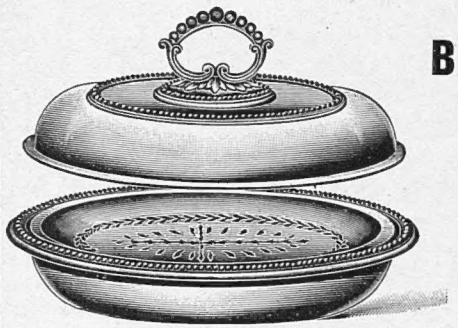

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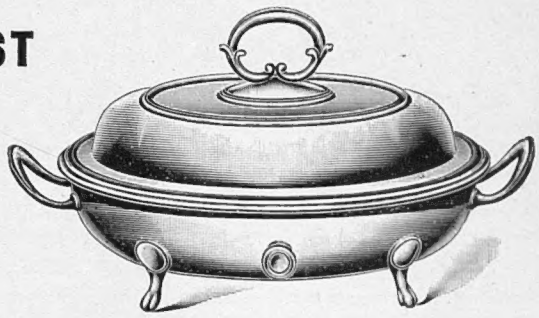

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A Magnificent Lawn Plant

Early autumn is the best time for planting yuccas. They are among the finest of lawn plants, and when in flower they are magnificent. They may be either grown singly or grouped. Tritomas are often associated with them with excellent effect. There are many different species, but the commonest are filimentosa, gloriosa, and recurvifolia (really only a variety of gloriosa, the chief difference being in the leaves, which are weaker, and therefore more inclined to droop). Most of the species are natives of South America, but with some exceptions they are sufficiently hardy to stand our climate in winter, and in a light, rich soil they make fairly rapid growth. They may be propagated by means of the offsets, taken off with a sharp knife and inserted in sandy soil in a warm house. A yucca, formerly at Kew, afforded an extraordinary instance of how a plant may retain its vitality for a long time under the most unfavourable conditions. It was sent to the Gardens in 1888, and, as it appeared quite dead on its arrival, it was placed in the museum. Two years later, to everybody's astonishment, it began to show signs of life. So it was taken to the temperate house, planted and watered, and there it fully developed the leaves and flowers which had previously started into growth.

Some Beautiful Bulbs for Pots

In most gardens hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils are grown in pots in order to brighten the conservatory in spring, but there are many other bulbs which may be grown in the same way, and even in a small house at least some of them should be so used, if only for the sake of variety. Dog-tooth violets are charming in pots. Even when they are not in flower, their mottled foliage is very effective. Anemones, scillas (sibirica), and chionodoxas are also very beautiful, and so are ixias and Spanish irises. No heat is actually necessary for any of them; indeed, they succeed much better when they are grown cool, provided that the ixias, which are Cape bulbs and not quite hardy, are protected from frost; but if it is desired to hurry them a little, they may be moved into a slightly higher temperature as soon as the buds can be seen. As in the case of all bulbs, they need very little water—they should be kept only just moist—until the leaves begin to show above the surface, when the supply should be increased gradually. Freesias, which are largely grown for the scent as well as for the beauty of their flowers, should be treated rather differently. They root better, and consequently make stronger growth afterwards, when they are started in bottom heat.

H. C. Davidson.

A Horticultural Catalogue

Messrs. H. Lane and Son, whose nursery business at Great Berkhamsted is now carried on by Mr. B. H. Lane, seem to have started winning medals as far back as 1837, and have been doing so ever since. Perhaps their most notable achievement was the production of Lane's Prince Albert, still one of the finest cooking apples in existence. Fruit-trees of all kinds are one of their specialities; others are roses, and deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs. Their catalogue contains a very full list of the best rhododendrons; and, as all their plants have been grown in loam, there need be no hesitation in transferring them to ordinary garden soil, provided only that it is free from lime. They will grow quite well without peat. Messrs. Lane's prices are very moderate, especially for trees and shrubs bought in large numbers for extensive planting.

Yuccas as Lawn Plants

Among the finest of lawn plants are yuccas, which, when in flower, make a magnificent show. Most of the species are natives of South America, but, with some exceptions, they are sufficiently hardy to stand an English winter

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have made a discovery. It is not one of great national importance, but doubtless it will interest the feminine members of the community. This is the value of introspective reflection on dress. Mr. George R. Sims, I think it was, said that the only thing that inspired him to write was a brick wall, an assertion that appealed to me most convincingly. The commonplace, unsuccessful dressers, I note, are those who are insistently seeking outside influences, instead of learning to lean on their own inspired resources. Naturally, some of these founts will draw a blank but give them a chance; no woman knows until she tries what inherent faculties she possesses, and, as I have pointed out times without number, it is the day of the modistic individualist. A renowned French chronicler on dress only the other day propounded the same belief in the following words: "Il y'a tant de moyens pour une femme de goût et esprit d'être élègante sans suivre le mode."

The High Waist Jupe

The above title is inevitable, since the skirt has come to play an unexpected rôle in this capacity, allied to what we may by courtesy term a blouse. The skirt, with its close-moulding properties, is essentially Empire, and is a particular revelation of elegance effected in *souple* cloth, supplemented by a *mousseline de soie* and Cluny blouse, not necessarily white or ivory, but in some colour contrast. To accompany a black *panne* jupe, I saw one of these slight blouse affairs of large mesh *filet* net, boldly embroidered in delicate shades of blue toning from turquoise to a pale-grey tint. Really differing in outline, as it does, this high waist Empire model, nevertheless, bears a certain undeniable similitude to the corselet, while the intention is obviously to attract the eye to the upper part. As will also doubtless be surmised, these are mostly built Princesse, and close at the back, a trying ordeal enough for such as are minus maids.

Two Attractive Blouses, sketched at John Barker's, Kensington

Blouses at Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington

In the face of the more than ever enchanting display at John Barker's of the blouse beautiful, cavillers can cease their efforts to find cause why they should ever cease to be. That they never, never will, in some one form or another, is the safest of safe surmises.

To meet seasonable exigencies, an entirely fresh supply has been arranged, and is now on view in the *salon* exclusively devoted to their services. The captious only will be disposed to grumble over the plethora of choice, since every intelligent feminine mind has ideas on the blouse subject, however